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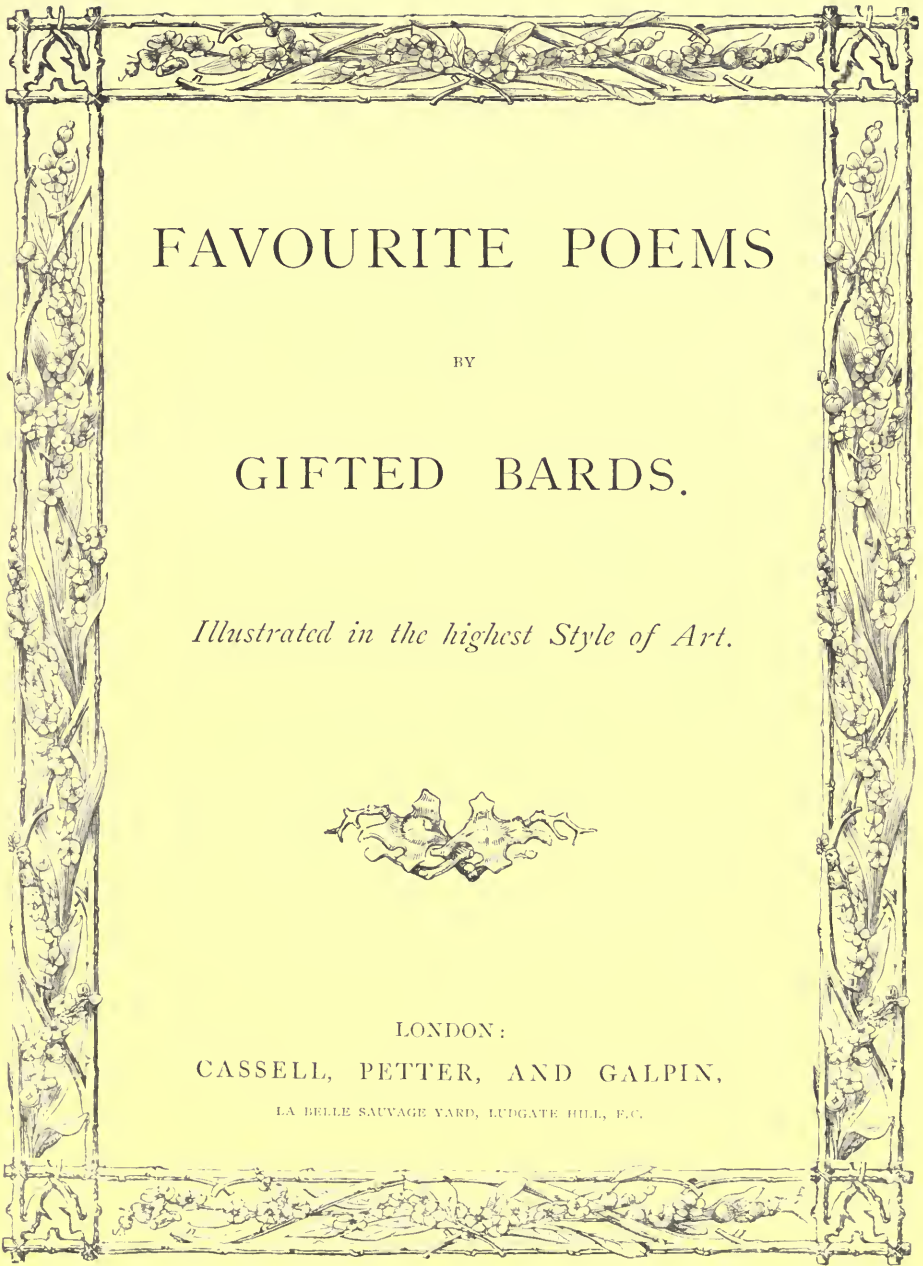


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FAVOURITE POEMS

BY

GIFTED BARDS.

A decorative border in a light green or yellowish tint frames the entire page. It features a repeating pattern of stylized flowers, leaves, and berries, possibly holly or ivy, arranged in a rectangular frame with ornate corner pieces.

FAVOURITE POEMS

BY

GIFTED BARDS.

Illustrated in the highest Style of Art.



LONDON:

CASELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,

LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



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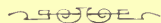
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A Mother's Day-Dream.

THOU art playing on the summer grass,
 And I, beneath our old oak-tree,
 Am wrapp'd in midday dreams, and think
 What, in days to come, my babe, thou'lt be.

I see thee first a graceful child,
 With fawn-like step and joyous air,
 A cheek like some pink ocean shell,
 And sunlight glancing through thy hair.

I hear thee con thy daily task,
 A bee at work 'mid forest flowers ;
 New lore is thine, and fancies gay—
 How swiftly speed our morning-hours !

A Mother's Day-Dream.

In fancy oft with thee I tread
Those woodland walks I loved of yore.
See through the trees the blue waves foam.
And wander on the sparkling shore.

The dream is changed—on a maiden form,
With brow of clearest truth, I gaze,
And earnest eyes, whose brightness tells
Of love deserved, and tranquil days.

I watch her lowly prayer at morn,
With merry notes I hear her sing,
And order waits upon her steps,
And household joys around her spring.

How many years will then have roll'd
O'er thy father's head and mine, my child.
Since first beside me thou wert laid,
And thousand hopes about us smiled?

Wilt thou have the poet's shadowy mind.
Its deepest thoughts in silence dwelling;
And hide, while other eyes are bright,
Tears that in thine too fast are swelling?

Will thy voice flow forth in early song,
Of fays and autumn, like thy mother's?
Will nature wrap thy spirit round
In spells that are not laid on others?—

Vainly I seek to read what flower
In my fair bud enfolded lies;
Faint are the tints that streak it now,
Yet seem they lovely as they rise.

Play on, my babe,—the daisy stars
Will not always shine through the long fine grass;
But the child-like heart may be ever young,
For the Word that creates it doth not pass.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

THE LONELY ROCK.

A LONELY Rock
On the sea-shore stood,
Its head to heaven,
Its base in the flood ;
The dews of morning
Bath'd its brow,
And the moonbeam play'd
On its breast of snow.

The summer-breezes
Kiss'd it lightly,
And the sun shone on it
Brightly, brightly ;
But there came not forth
Of its cold, cold breast
So much as to shelter
The sea-mew's nest.

There came not a leaf,
There came not a spray,
Nor the heather brown,
Nor the blossom gay :
The simpler came not,
To pick with care
The healing buds
Of the balsam there.

What ails thee, thou Rock,
That still in vain
The Spring returns
With its jocund train,
So richly dight,
So gaily sped,
And finds no wreath
On thy sullen head ?

I look'd again,
And the waters grew ;
They reach'd its base,
They reach'd its brow ;
Again and again,
With fearless shock,
The billows broke
O'er the lonely rock.

But it trembled not
As it pass'd them through.
And it rose in smiles
As the waves withdrew ;
And its brow was deck'd
With gems so bright,
They seem'd like drops
Of the rainbow's light.

'Tis well : and so
O'er some beside
Adversity flows
With as rough a tide :
It rifles the heart
Of the joys it bore,
And it comes so oft,
They will grow no more

But it leaves it firm,
It leaves it bright,
It leaves it deck'd
With unearthly light :
In hallow'd tears
Serene to stand,
As the lonely Rock
On the cold sea-strand. ANON.



A Christmas Carol.

THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm ;
E'en in thy sombreſt wintry veſt,
Of bleſſed days thou art moſt bleſt.

Nor frigid air, nor gloomy morn,
Shall check our jubilee ;
Bright is the day when Chriſt was born,
No ſun need ſhine but He.
Let rougheſt ſtorms their coldeſt blow,
With love of Him our hearts ſhall glow.

Inſpired with high and holy thought,
Fancy is on the wing ;
It ſeems as to mine ear it brought
Thoſe voices carolling—
Voices through heaven and earth that ran —
Glory to God, good-will to man !

I ſee the ſhepherds gazing wild
At thoſe fair ſpirits of light ;
I ſee them bending o'er the Child
With that untold delight
Which marks the face of thoſe who view
Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,
Incarnate God they ſee ;
He ſtoops to take, through ſpotleſs maid,
Our frail humanity :
Son of high God, creation's Heir,
He leaves His heaven to raiſe us there.



Oft as this joyous morn doth come,
To ſpeak our Saviour's love ;
Oh, may it bear our ſpirits home,
Where He now reigns above ;
That day which brought Him from the ſkies,
So man reſtores to Para-diſe.

Then let winds uſher thee, ſweet day,
Let clouds thy face deform ;
Though nature's grace is ſwept away
Before thy ſleety ſtorm ;
E'en in thy ſombreſt wintry veſt,
Of bleſſed days thou art moſt bleſt.

S. R.



The Wild Huntsman.

THE Rhinegrave winds his horn—'Away
To horse! On foot! The chase—hurrah'
Up leaps his steed with eager neigh,
On comes his train with loud huzza:
The hounds uncoupled rush at speed,
Clattering o'er bush, and brake, and mead.

The Wild Huntsman.

In Sabbath brightness, still and fair,
 Von church uplifts her stately tower ;
The solemn bell that calls to prayer
 Peals deeply forth the wonted hour,
While far and lovely, soft and slow,
The reverent anthem soundeth low.

Right o'er the hallow'd path they ride,
 With wild halloo and ringing shout ;
Behold ! behold ! from either side
 A single horseman joins the rout ;
A fiery roan the left—the right
A graceful steed of silver white.

Who were those riders ? Well I guess,
 But know not, nor may utter more ;
A face of spring-tide gentleness
 The youthful right-hand horseman wore ;
Tawny and fierce, the other's eye
Shot lightnings, like an angry sky.

"Right welcome !" cried the hunter-lord,
 "To the noble chase right welcome be !
No sport can earth or heaven afford
 Of fairer fame or merrier glee."

He clapp'd his hands with joyous cry,
And shook his hunting-cap on high.

"Ill blends thy horn, so wild and vain"
 Thus did the right-hand horseman say,
"With solemn bell and choral strain ;

 Return, forbear the chase to-day !
Oh, let thy better self persuade !
Be not by evil thoughts betrayed !"

"The chase, my noble lord, the chase !"
 Eager the left-hand horseman cried ;

"Let the dull bells ring, and the pale monks sing,
 'Tis to the merry chase we ride !

The Wild Huntsman.

Of me, come learn thou princely lore,
And list yon prater's words no more."

"Well spoken, rider frank and free !

A hero to my taste art thou ;
Let him who loves not veneriè

Mutter his prayers and knit his brow ;
Out, pious fool ! I hold my way,
Let it offend thee as it may."

Hurrah ! hurrah ! o'er dale and hill,

O'er field and plain, away they ride ;

But, right and left, those horsemen still

Keep closely at the baron's side.

Up leaps from yonder sheltering crag

A stag of ten—a milkwhite stag.

Louder the chief his horn doth wind,

Faster, on foot, on horse, they fly ;

Lo, one by one, before, behind,

The panting vassals sink and die !

"Ay, sink to hell ! A baron's glee
Must ne'er be marr'd for such as ye !"

Lo, to a field of yellow corn

The trembling stag for refuge flies ;

And see, a peasant, poor and worn,

Pleads to the earl in piteous guise :

"Have mercy, noble baron ! spare
The hope of want, the fruit of care !"

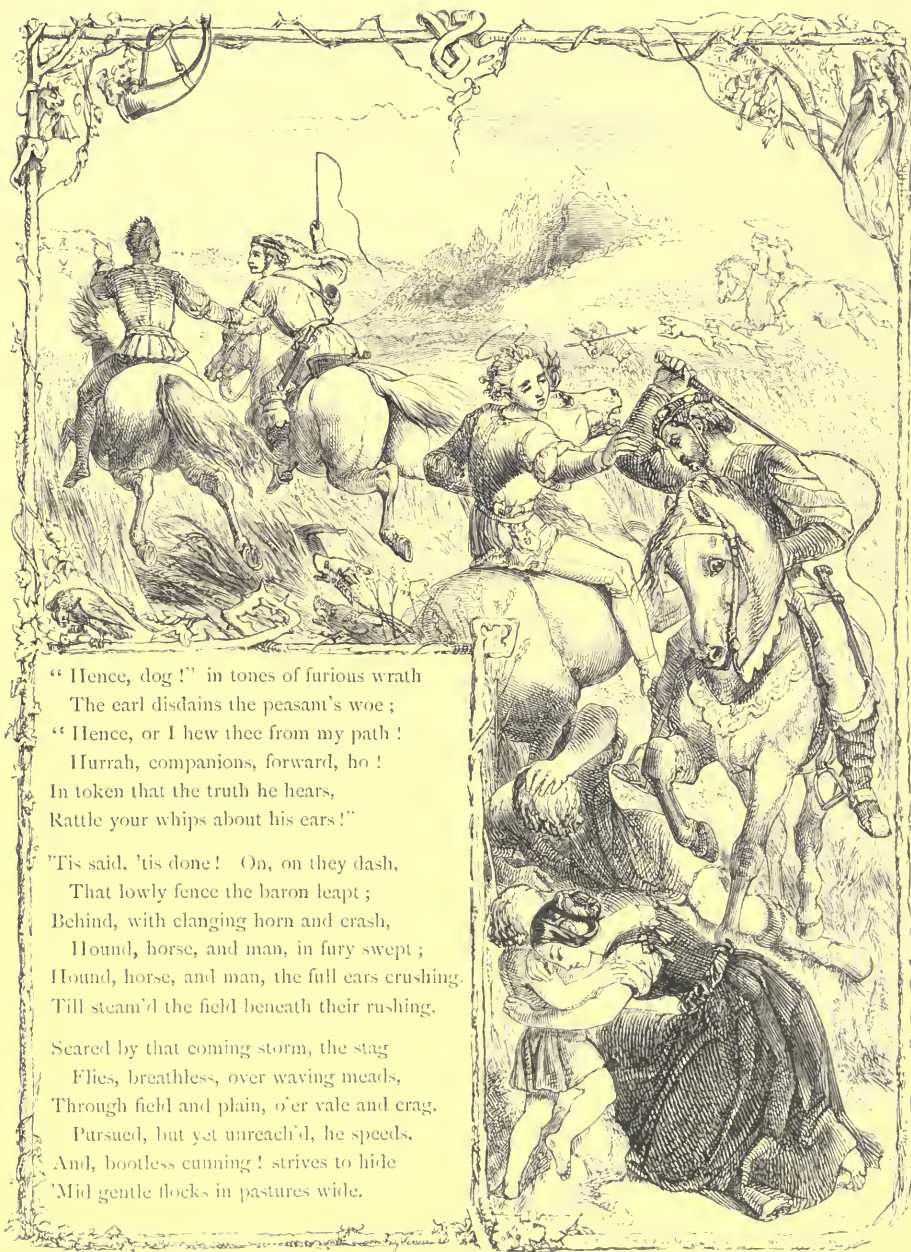
Forward the right-hand horseman spur'd,

Mildly to check and gently warn ;

The left, with many a scoffing word,

Urges the deed of ruthless scorn ;

The baron spurs that gentle pleading,
And follows where the left is leading.



"Hence, dog!" in tones of furious wrath
The earl disdains the peasant's woe;

"Hence, or I hew thee from my path!
Hurrah, companions, forward, ho!

In token that the truth he hears,
Rattle your whips about his ears!"

'Tis said, 'tis done! On, on they dash,

That lowly fence the baron leapt;
Behind, with clanging horn and crash,
Hound, horse, and man, in fury swept;
Hound, horse, and man, the full ears crushing,
Till steam'd the field beneath their rushing.

Scared by that coming storm, the stag
Flies, breathless, over waving meads,
Through field and plain, o'er vale and crag,
Pursued, but yet unreach'd, he speeds.
And, bootless cunning! strives to hide
Mid gentle flocks in pastures wide.

The Wild Huntsman.

But up and down, through wood and plain,
And to and fro, through plain and wood,
The hurrying hounds upon him gain,
Scenting his steps, athirst for blood ;
Their rage the trembling shepherd sees,
And sues for pity on his knees.

“ Mercy, oh, mercy ! Not in sport
Make poor and peaceful flocks your prey,
The hapless widow's sole support !

Ah, pause and think ! Ah, do not slay !
Spare to the poor their little all—
Mercy, oh, mercy ! hear my call !”

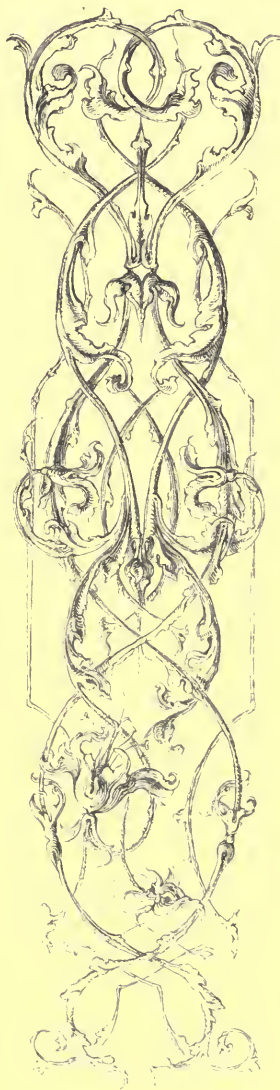
Forward the right-hand horseman spurr'd,
In soothing tones to check and warn ;
The left, with mocking laugh and word,
Urges the deed of ruthless scorn ;
The baron spurns that gentle pleading,
And follows where the left is leading.

“ Out of my path, rash cur ! Away !
I would that in yon quivering kine
My dogs could make thyself their prey,
And yonder beldame wife of thine :
Think ye my heart would then be loth
Up to yon heavens to send ye both ?”

“ Hurrah, companions ! Forward there !
Ho, tantara ! hark away !”

Then every hound did raging tear
With cruel teeth the nearest prey ;
Beneath the bleeding shepherd's eye
His bleeding flock are rent, and die.

Scarcely, with ever-slackening pace,
The stag escapes that murderous crowd ;
With blood and foam on flank and face,
He seeks a thicket's midnight shroud ;
Deep in the darkness of the wood
A hermit's forest-temple stood.



The Wild Huntsman.

With crack of whip and clang of horn,
With crashing hoofs that shake the air,
With cries of mirth and shouts of scorn,
The wild troop follow even there :
Lo, from his prayers aroused, they see
The hermit come, with gentle plea.

“ Cease, nor pollute this sacred shade !
Cease, nor profane this hallow'd time !
God's creature cries to Him for aid,
And calls for vengeance on thy crime.
For the last time be warn'd ! Forbear,
Or dread destruction and despair ! ”

Forward the right-hand horseman spurr'd,
With anxious eyes to check and warn ;
The left, with many a scoffing word,
Urges the deed of ruthless scorn :
Woe, woe ! he spurns that gentle pleading,
And follows where the left is leading.

“ Destruction ? let it fall ! ” he cries ;
“ Dream'st thou my heart to overawe ?
If yonder cell were heaven or hell,
To me 'twould matter not a straw :
Away, thou fool ! God's wrath or thine
Shall never baffle sport of mine.

“ My whip I swing, my horn I wind ;
Hurrah, companions ! Forward there !
Ha !—cell before, and train behind,
At once have melted into air ;
And shout, and yell, and hunter's call,
Sink into deathlike silence all.

The trembling baron gazes round ;
His whip he swings—no echo wakes ;
He shouts, and cannot hear a sound ;
He winds—his horn no answer makes.
On either flank his steed he spurs :
In vain—it neither starts nor stits.

The Wild Huntsman.

And gradual darkness o'er him now
Closes, and closes like a grave ;
'Tis silence all, save deep and low
A murmur like a distant wave :
And, lo ! a thunder-voice on high
Proclaims his sentence terribly.

" Thou mad blasphemer ! pause, attend :
God, man, and beasts have felt thy wrongs ;
The groans of thine oppress'd ascend
To Him to whom revenge belongs ;
Accused, condemn'd, and sentenced, see
Grim Vengeance lights her torch for thee.

Fly, sinner, fly ! and from this hour,
Till weary time itself shall close,
By hell's inexorable power
Be chased : a warning dread to those
Who scorn, at Pleasure's sinful word,
Alike God's creatures and their Lord."

Lo ! swarthy yellow lightning breaks
Through the soft shadow of the trees :
In marrow, bone, and nerve he quakes ;
He seems to burn, to thrill, to freeze ;
Cold Horror frowns before—behind
Hisses the storm and shrieks the wind.

Still raved the blast and roar'd the storm,
When from the womb of earth arose
A sable hand of giant form ;
The fingers open—lo, they close !
See, see ! his quivering neck they clench !
See, see ! his head around they wrench !

Beneath him yawns a fiery flood,
Green, blue, and red ; its waves of flame
Swarming with hell's terrific brood
Of shapes too horrible to name !
Lo, in an instant, from the deep,
At once a thousand hell-hounds leap !



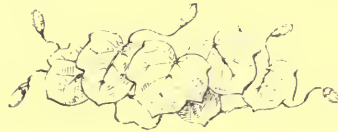
The Wild Huntsman.

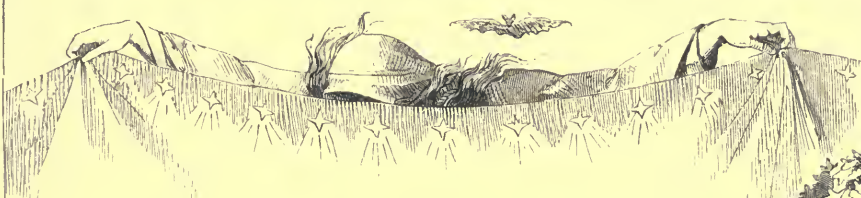
Through woods and fields, away, away,
Howling aloud, the sinner flew ;
But through the whole wide world, for aye,
Those baying dogs of hell pursue :
By day in earth's deep caves ; by night
High in the air they hold their flight.

Still backward stares his pallid face,
While forward speeds each shuddering limb ;
He sees those monsters of the chase,
Athirst for blood, and gaunt and grim,
The greedy jaws for him that gape,
And the fiend-huntsman's awful shape.

This is that chase, which sweeps aloft,
And shall till breaks the day of doom,
Startling the lonely wanderer oft
When night hath closed and all is gloom :
Seen by full many a huntsman pale,
Whose lips must never breathe the tale.

BURGER.





Good Night.

GOOD night !

To each weary, toil-worn night ;
Now the day so sweetly closes,
Every aching brow reposes
Peacefully till morning light.
Good night !

Home to rest !

Close the eye and calm the breast ;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "Haste !
Home to rest !"

Sweetly sleep !

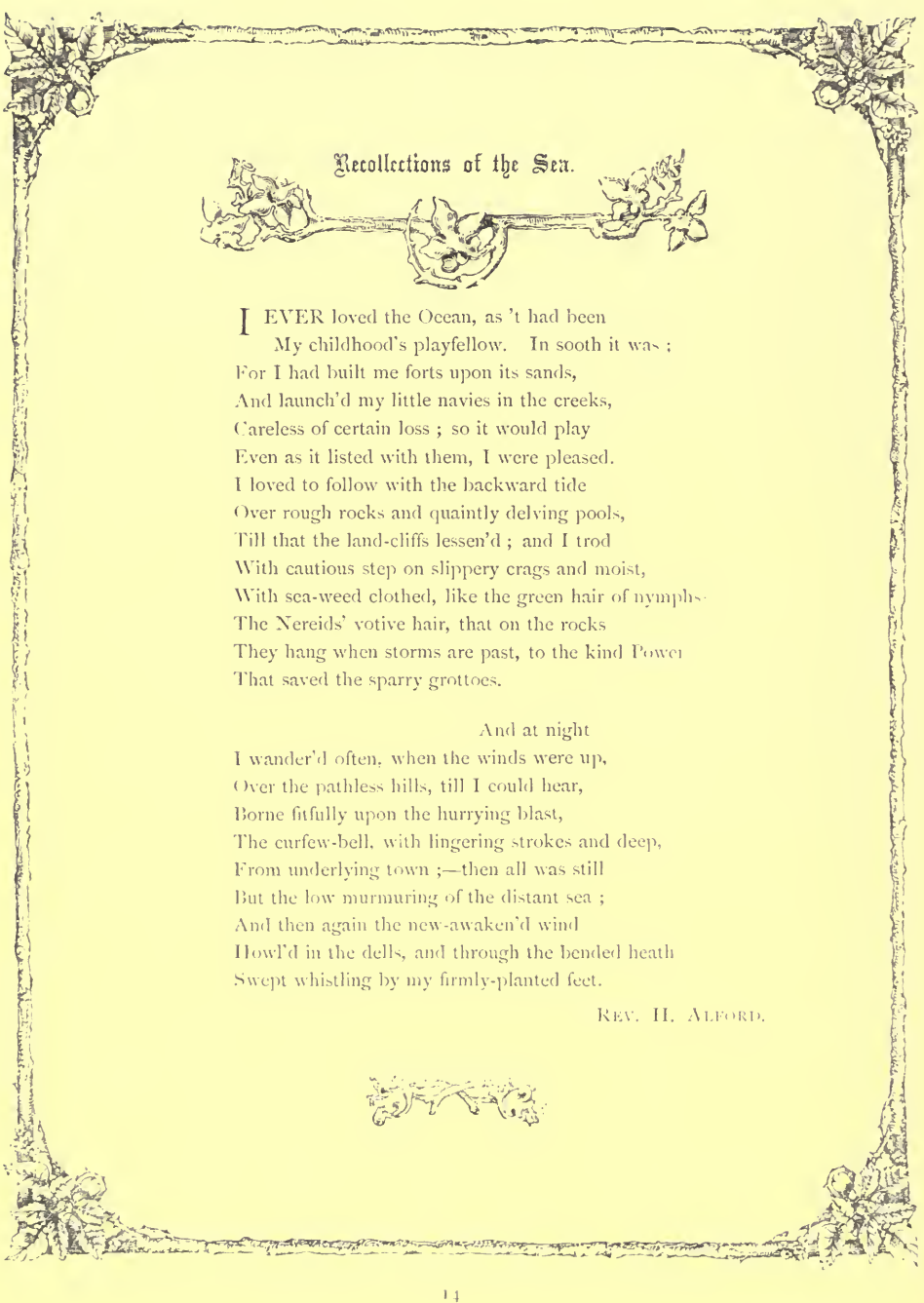
Eden's breezes round ye sweep ;
O'er the peace-forsaken lover
Let the darling image hover,
As he lies in transport deep.
Sweetly sleep !

So, good night !

Slumber on till morning light ;
Slumber, till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow ;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on. Good night.

KÖRNER.





Recollections of the Sea.



I EVER loved the Ocean, as 't had been
My childhood's playfellow. In sooth it was ;
For I had built me forts upon its sands,
And launch'd my little navies in the creeks,
Careless of certain loss ; so it would play
Even as it listed with them, I were pleased.
I loved to follow with the backward tide
Over rough rocks and quaintly delving pools,
Till that the land-cliffs lessen'd ; and I trod
With cautious step on slippery crags and moist,
With sea-weed clothed, like the green hair of nymphs—
The Nereids' votive hair, that on the rocks
They hang when storms are past, to the kind Power
That saved the sparry grottoes.

And at night
I wander'd often, when the winds were up,
Over the pathless hills, till I could hear,
Borne fitfully upon the hurrying blast,
The curfew-bell, with lingering strokes and deep,
From underlying town ;—then all was still
But the low murmuring of the distant sea ;
And then again the new-awaken'd wind
Howl'd in the dells, and through the bended heath
Swept whistling by my firmly-planted feet.

REV. H. ALFORD.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

GO, Soul, the body's guest,

Upon a thankless errand,

Fear not to touch the best,

The truth shall be thy warrant ;

Go, since I needs must die,

And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows

And shines like rotten wood ;

Go, tell the Church it shows

What's good, and doth no good ;

If Church and Court reply,

Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,

Acting by others' actions,

Not loved unless they give,

Not strong but by their factions ;

If potentates reply,

Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,

That rule affairs of state,

Their purpose is ambition,

Their practice only hate ;

And if they once reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,

They beg for more by spending,

Who, in their greatest cost,

Seek nothing but commending ;

And if they make reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,

Tell Love it is but lust,

Tell Time it is but motion,

Tell Flesh it is but dust ;

And wish them not reply,

For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,

Tell Honour how it alters,

Tell Beauty how she blasteth,

Tell Favour how she falters ;

And as they shall reply,

Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangle-

In treble points of niceness,

Tell Wisdom she entangles

Herself in overwiseness ;

And when they do reply,

Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,

Tell Skill it is pretension ;

Tell Charity of coldness,

Tell Law it is contention ;

And as they do reply,

So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,

Tell Nature of decay,

Tell Friendship of unkindness,

Tell Justice of delay ;

And if they will reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness.

But vary by esteeming ;

Tell Schools they want profoundness,

And stand too much on seeming ;

If Arts and Schools reply,

Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city,

Tell how the country erreth,

Tell manhood shakes off pity,

Tell Virtue least preferreth ;

And if they do reply,

Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I

Commanded thee, done blabbing,

Although to give the lie

Deserves no less than stabbing ;

Yet stab at thee who will,

No stab the Soul can kill.

SEK W. RALEIGH

Natural Piety.

“CHILD, whither goest thou
Over the snowy hill?
The frost-air nips so keen,
That the very clouds are still;
From the golden folding curtains
The sun hath not looked forth,
And brown the snow-mist hangs
Round the mountains to the north.”

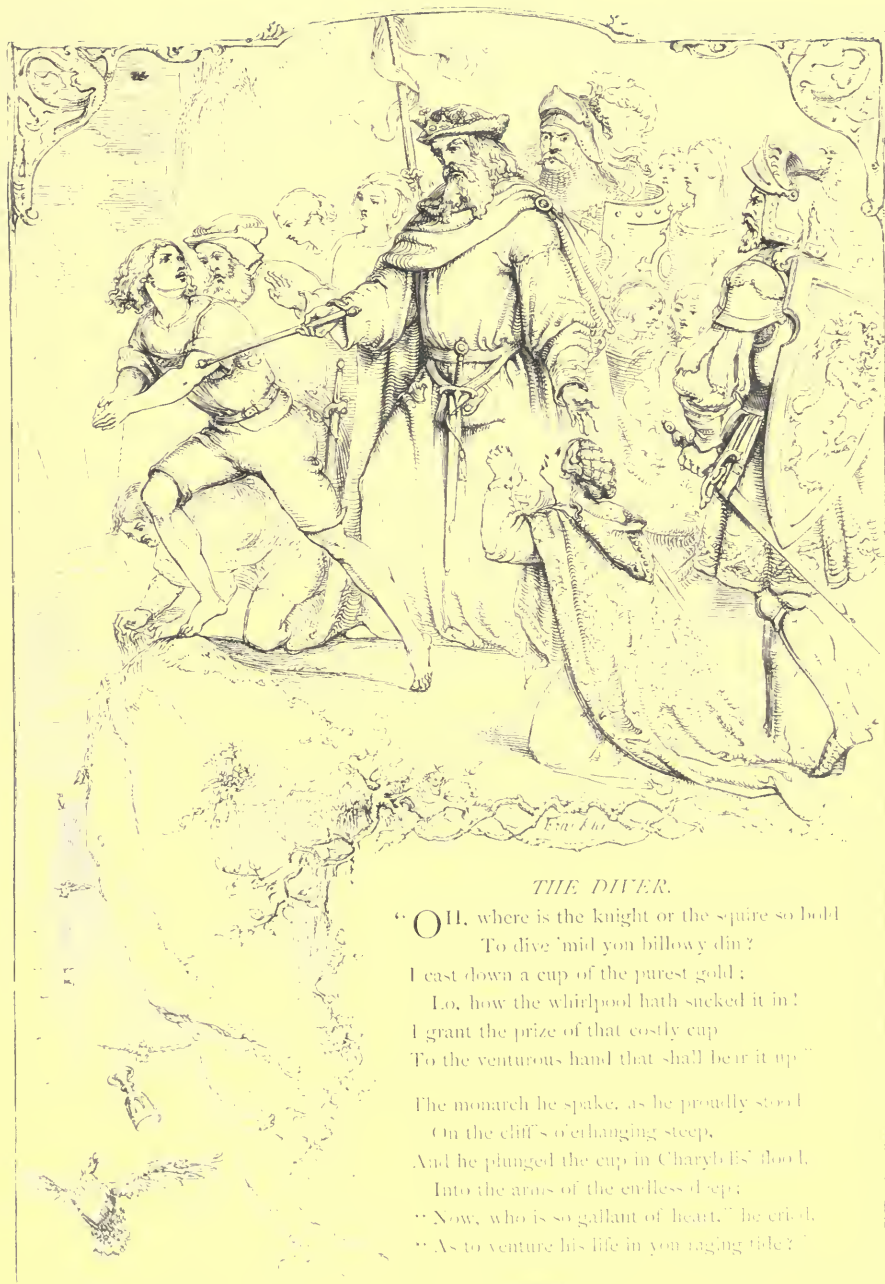
“Kind stranger, dost thou see
Yonder church-tower rise,
Thrusting its crown of pinnacles
Into the looming skies?
Thither go I: keen the morning
Bites, and deep the snow;
But in spite of them,
Up the frosted hill I go.”

“Child, and what dost thou
When thou shalt be there?
The chancel-door is shut,
There is no bell for prayer;
Yester morn and yester even
Met we there and prayed;
But now none is there
Save the dead lowly laid.”

“Stranger, underneath that tower,
On the western side,
A happy, happy company
In holy peace abide;
My father and my mother,
And my sisters four—
Their beds are made in swelling turf,
Fronting the western door.”

“Child, if thou speak to them.
They will not answer thee;
They are deep down in earth,
Thy face they cannot see:
Then wherefore art thou going
Over the snowy hill;
Why seek thy low-laid family
Where they lie cold and still?”

“Stranger, when the summer heats
Would dry their turfy bed,
Duly from this loving hand
With water it is fed:
They must be cleared this morning
From the thick-laid snow;
So now along the frosted field,
Stranger, let me go.”



The Diver.



They listened, that goodly company,
And were mute both squire and knight;
For they silently gaze on the wild, wild sea,
And they dare not strive with the whirlpool's might:
And the king, for the third time, loudly spake,
"Will no man dive for his monarch's sake?"

But silently still they gaze and stand,
Till a gentle page, and bold,
Stepp'd lightly forth from the shuddering band,
And loosed his scarf and his mantle's fold;
While warriors and ladies, around the place,
All wondering, look in his fearless face.

And, lo! as he stands on the outermost verge,
He sees, in the dark sea gushing,
The struggling waves of the mighty surge
From the depths of the muttering whirlpool rushing;
And their sound as the sound of thunder is,
As they leap in their foam from that black abyss.

And it hisses and eddies, and seethes and starts,
As if water and fire were blending,
Till the spray-dashing column to heaven updart,
Wave after wave everlastingly sending,
Never exhausted, and never at rest,
Like a new sea sprung from the old sea's breast.

But the terrible storm is at length asleep!
Black, amid snow-white spray,
A fathomless chasm yawneth deep—
Such portal dream we to hell's dark way!
And they see the fierce, wrangling billows now
Drawn down to those hungry depths below.

Then, quick! ere the tempest again awakes,
The youth but kneels to pray.
And a cry of horror from each lip breaks—
He is whirl'd in the whirling stream away!

The Diver.

And the greedy jaws of the fierce white wave
Mysteriously shut o'er the swimmer brave.

All smooth is the surface ; beneath is heard
A muttering deep and suppress'd ;
From lip to lip passes the trembling word,

“ God speed thee, young spirit, and dauntless breast ! ”
Then they pause, and they listen right fearfully
To the gathering howls of the hollow sea.

King ! if thou cast in thy crown of gold,
And say, “ He who wins the gem,
Kingdom and crown for his own shall hold ! ”

Small were my wish for the diadem.
For how should a living soul reveal
What the howling seas in their womb conceal ?

Full many a stately ship hath rush'd
Down to yon bubbling wave,
And mast and keel, all shatter'd and crush'd,
Arose from the depths of the deadly grave.
Nearer and nearer that deep sound now
Comes, like a tempest at work below ;

And it hisses and eddies, and seethes and starts,
As if water and fire were blending,
Till the spray-dashing column to heaven upstarts,
Wave after wave everlastingly sending,
Whose sound as the sound of thunder is,
When they rush with a roar from their black abyss.

But, see ! what shines through the dark flood there,
As a swan's soft plumage white ?
An arm and a glittering neck are bare.
They busily move with a swimmer's might :
It is he ! and, lo ! in his left hand, high,
He waveth the goblet exultingly !

He is breathing deep, he is breathing long,
As heaven's glad ray he hails :



The Diver.

While merrily shout the rejoicing throng,

“He lives, he is here, and the fierce wave quails!
From the depth, where the waters battle and roll,
The brave youth has brought back a living soul!”

And he comes, while the gay troop cluster round,

He bends at his sovereign’s feet,
And he gives him the cup, kneeling low on the ground;
And the king hath beckon’d his daughter sweet,
And she crowneth the beaker with wine’s bright spring,
While the bold youth speaks to the wondering king:

“Long life to our monarch! and joy to those

Who breathe in the light of the blushing sky!
It is fearful *there* where the dark wave flows;
Nor should man tempt the gods on high,
Nor ever to seek those sights presume
Which they graciously curtain with night and gloom.

“Down, down I shot like a lightning-flash,

When, lo! from the depth of the rocky ground
Did a thundering torrent to meet me dash;
Like a child’s frail top I was spun around,
Powerless and weak; for how should I fight
With the double stream in its raging might?

“Then God, to whom I bitterly cried,

Display’d, through the driving foamy blast
In the depth of the sea, a rock’s bare side;
I grasp’d the edge—I was safe at last!
And there hung the cup on its coral brow,
Saved from the bottomless depths below!

“For the purple darkness of the deep

Lay under my feet like a precipice,
And though here the ear must in deafness sleep,
The eye could look down the sheer abyss,
And see how the depth of those waters dark
Are alive with the dragon, the snake, and the shark.

The Diver.

“ There, there they cluster’d in grisly swarms,
Curl’d up into many a hideous ball ;
The sepia stretching its horrible arms,
And the shapeless hammer, I saw them all ;
And the loathsome dog-fish with threat’ning teeth,
Hyæna so fierce of the seas beneath.

“ In horrible consciousness there I stay’d,
One soul with feeling and thought endued,
Mid monsters, afar from all earthly aid,
Alone in that ghastly solitude !
Far, far from the sound of a human tone,
In depths which the sea-snake hath call’d her own.

“ And shuddering I thought, ‘ They are creeping more near.
They uncoil, and they straighten their hundred joints —
They will clutch me soon ! ’ — in the frenzy of fear
I loosed my hold on those coral points.
I was seized by the whirling stream once more,
But it saved me now, for it rose to shore ! ”

The monarch he marvel’d that tale to hear,
And he spake — “ The cup is thine ;
Now win me this ring of jewels clear —
See how its gleaming diamonds shine !
Go down yet again, and bring word to me
What thou findest in the uttermost depths of the sea !

His daughter, she listen’d in grief and shame,
And with winning tones she spake :
“ Oh, father, enough of this terrible game !
Think what he *hath* dared — at thy word — for thy sake !
Or if thou yet longest with quenchless desire,
Twice shall these knights be shamed by a squire ? ”

Then quickly the monarch grasp’d the cup,
And he hurl’d it down below —
“ If once again thou canst bear it up,
The first of my knights I will dub thee now :



The Diver.

And thou shalt achieve as thy bride this day
The maid who for thee doth so sweetly pray ! "

Through his spirit no earthly fire is rushing,
And fearlessly sparkle his eyes,
For he sees how that fair young face is blushing,
He sees how it droops as the bright tint dies—
Burning so costly a prize to win,
For life and for death he plunges in !

Again that groaning ?—that low deep sound,
Which heralds the thunder-clash ;
With loving looks they are gathering round.
It cometh, it cometh, the wave's wild crash !
Backwards and forwards it rushes and roars.
But, alas ! the youth no wave restores !

SCHILLER.



DOMESTIC PEACE.

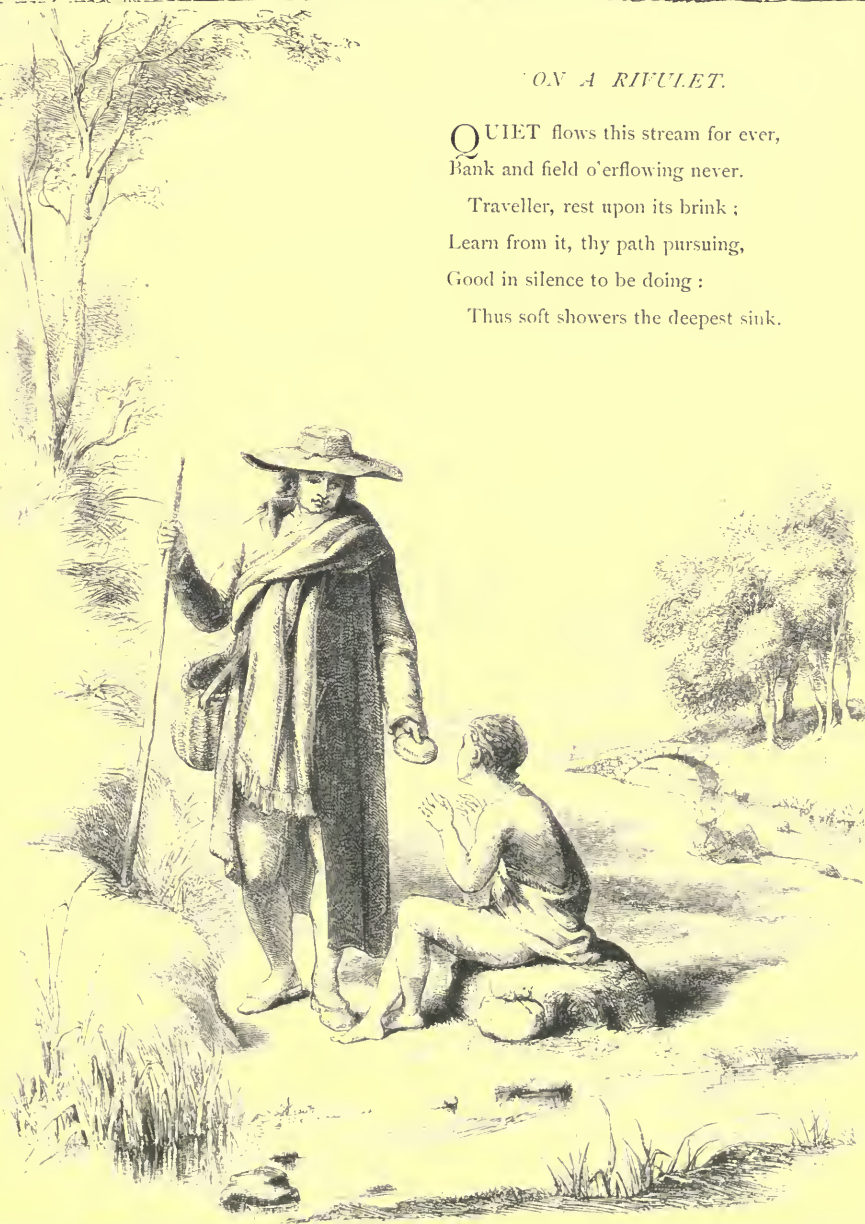
TELL me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found ?
Haleyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wing she flies
From the pomp of sceptred state,
From the rebel's noisy hate :
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
List'ning to the Sabbath-bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien ;
Love, the sire of pleasing fears ;
Sorrow smiling through her tears :
And conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

COLERIDGE.

ON A RIVULET.

QUIET flows this stream for ever,
Bank and field o'erflowing never.

Traveller, rest upon its brink ;
Learn from it, thy path pursuing,
Good in silence to be doing :
Thus soft showers the deepest sink.



CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers ;
Happy—he knew not whence or how :
And smiling,—who could choose but love him ?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow
Was the blue heaven that beam'd above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded ;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded ;
But Time so swiftly wing'd his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watch'd his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With circling lip and glancing eye,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute ;
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon of the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepp'd a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crown'd Night's awful daughter,
And proffer'd him a fearful cup
Full to the brim of bitter water :

Childhood and his Visitors.

Poor Childhood bade her tell her name ;
And when the beldame mutter'd "Sorrow,"
He said, "Don't interrupt my game ;
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
And woo'd him with the softest numbers
That ever scatter'd wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers ;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle ;
And "Oh !" he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle !"

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever :
She talk'd of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses ;
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on !—Oh ! manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of glory's toils, ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure :
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph-eyes,
And glimpses of remember'd heaven !

M. PRAED.

I LOVE TO ROAM.

I LOVE to roam in the sun-bright hours,
And fill my basket with all fair flowers,
With whatever grows in garden or field,
Whatever the hedges and woods may yield;
The violet, harebell, and primrose pale,
And the pure, sweet lily of the vale;
With the purple crocus and cowslip too,
And meadow-sweet, fresh with the morning dew;
“Forget-me-not,” with its bright blue eye,
Looking up from its nest to the summer sky:

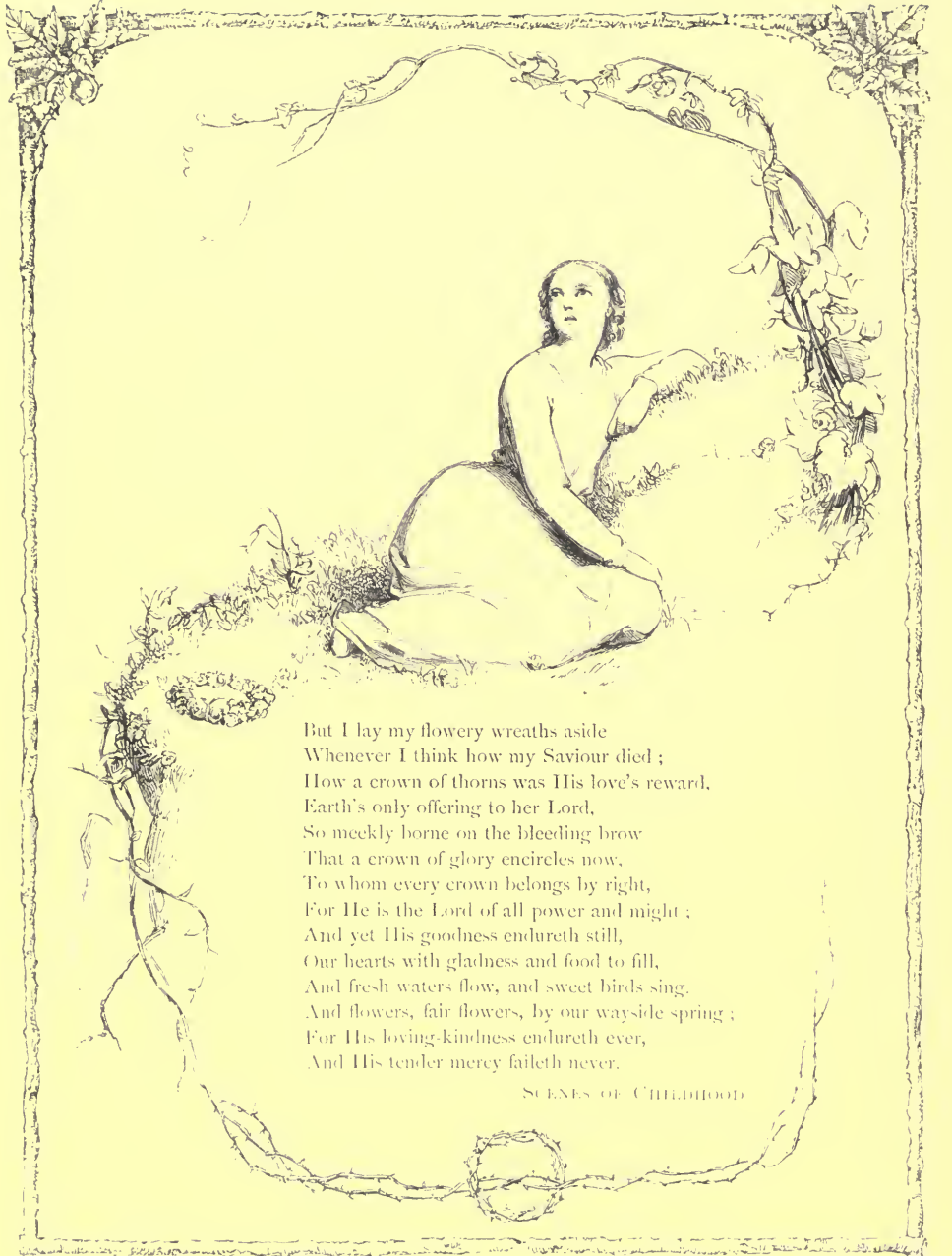


I Love to Roam.

And the king-cups and daisies, white and red,
That last when the sweet spring-flowers are fled :
Then I twine me wreaths until I am drest
Like a queen of May, in all I love best.

But when I am tired of that flowery play,
I love to list to some bird's sweet lay,
To the stock-dove's cooing, so soft and low,
Or the glad, fresh sound of the streamlet's flow ;
And sweet are the thoughts that come over me then,
As I roam alone through the woodland glen ;
For I think how great must His goodness be
Who yet makes this earth so fair to see ;
Whose is the freshness, the brightness, the bloom,
The bird's sweet song, and the flower's perfume.
Then I love to think of Eden's bowers,
Her golden fruits and her fadeless flowers,
That sprang so free on the grassy sod,
Where our father Adam might walk with God.

The garden He planted, oh, must it not
Have been a delightsome and favour'd spot !
Though all earth was fair in creation's morn,
While sin and sorrow were yet unborn.
Then I think of a day that shall surely be,
When new earth and new heavens our eyes shall see,
Of a land of righteousness and of peace,
A land where sorrow and sighing shall cease, +
When that early bliss shall back be given,
And this earth hold intercourse with heaven ;
For the Lord our God shall yet dwell with men,
And the desert bloom like Eden again ;
And I marvel, 'mid scenes so fair to me,
To think how much fairer earth *then* shall be.



But I lay my flowery wreaths aside
Whenever I think how my Saviour died ;
How a crown of thorns was His love's reward,
Earth's only offering to her Lord,
So meekly borne on the bleeding brow
That a crown of glory encircles now,
To whom every crown belongs by right,
For He is the Lord of all power and might ;
And yet His goodness endureth still,
Our hearts with gladness and food to fill,
And fresh waters flow, and sweet birds sing,
And flowers, fair flowers, by our wayside spring ;
For His loving-kindness endureth ever,
And His tender mercy faileth never.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD



FULL fifteen years and more were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head;
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought:



King Arthur's

Rython the mighty giant slain
By his good hand, relieved Bretagne :
The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, own'd his might ;
And wide were through the world renown'd
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight, who sought adventurous fame,
To the bold court of Britain came,
And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud or faitour strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implored in vain.
For this the king, with pomp and pride,
Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
And summon'd prince and peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succour to demand,
To come from far and near.
At such high tide were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame ;
For many a stranger champion came,
In lists to break a spear,
And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trod some foreign coast,
But at the feast of Pentecost
Before him must appear.
Ah, minstrels, when the Table Round
Arose with all its warriors crown'd,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string !
Five hundred years are pass'd and gone,
But Time shall draw his dying groan
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring !

The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon, or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free.

Last Tournament.

At Penrith now the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met

The flower of chivalry.

There Galaad sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face ;
There Morolt of the iron mace,

And love-lorn Tristrem there :

And Dinadom with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lance,
And Mordred with his look askance.

Brunor and Bevidere.

Why should I tell of numbers more ?

Sir Cay, Sir Bamir, and Sir Bore,

Sir Carodac the keen.

* * * * *

When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play'd their blithest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,

And marshals clear'd the ring.

A maiden on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle, to alight

And kneel before the king.

Arthur with strong emotion saw
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe.
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldric trapp'd with gold,
Her sandal'd feet, her ankles bare,
And the eagle-plume that deck'd her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung—
The king, as from his seat he sprung,

Almost cried "Guendolen!"

But 'twas a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled,

Than of the race of men ;

And in the forehead's haughty grace,
The lines of Britain's royal race.

Pen-dragon's, you might ken,



King Arthur's



Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—
“Great prince ! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,
A father's vow'd protection claim !
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St. John.”
At once the king the suppliant raised,
And kiss'd her brow, her beauty praised ;
His vow he said should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd.

* * * * *

“ Up ! up ! each knight of gallant crest,
Take buckler, spear, and brand !
He that to-day shall bear him best
Shall win my Gyneth's hand ;
And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,
Shall bring a noble dower ;
Both fair Strath-Clyde and Regid wide,
And Carlisle town and tower.”
Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
“ Bring my armour bright, and my courser wight ;
’Tis not each day that a warrior's might
May win a royal bride ! ”
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
In haste aside they fling ;
The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
And the steal-weaved hauberks ring,
Small care had they of their peaceful array.
They might gather it that wold ;
For brake and bramble glitter'd gay
With pearls and cloth of gold.

* * * * *

Now caracoled the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by.

Last Tournament.

The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow ;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew ;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

"Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound ;
Take thou my warder, as the queen
And umpire of the martial scene ;
But mark thou this : as beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws.
His fairest guerdon her applause,
So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task ;
And beauty's eyes should never be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
And beauty's breath should whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this, lest all too far
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow ;
No striplings these who succour need
For a razed helm or falling steed.
But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,
Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate ;
Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died."



King Arthur's

A proud and discontented glow
O'ersadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow ;
 She put the warder by :—
" Reserve thy boon, my liege," she said,
" Thus chaffer'd down and limited,
Debased and narrow'd, for a maid
 Of less degree than I.
No petty chief but holds his heir
At a more honour'd price, and rare,
 Than Britain's king holds me !
Although the sunburn'd maid for dower
Has but her father's rugged tower,
 His barren hill and lea.
King Arthur swore, ' By crown and sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should strive,
His knights, the bravest knights alive !'
Recall thine oath ! and to her glen
Poor Gyneth can return again ;
Not on thy daughter will the stain
That soils thy sword and crown remain.
But think not she will e'er be bride
Save to the bravest, proved and tried :
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splinter'd spear.
 Nor shrink though blood should flow ,
And all too well sad Guendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men,
That child of hers should pity when
 Their meed they undergo."

He frown'd and sigh'd, the monarch bold ; —
" I give what I may not withhold ;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.

Too late I mark, thy mother's art	:	In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Hath taught thee this relentless part.	:	Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.
I blame her not, for she had wrong ;	:	With that he turn'd his head aside,
But not to <i>these</i> my faults belong.	:	Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
Use, then, the warder as thou wilt ;	:	As with the truncheon raised she sate
But trust me that if blood be spilt,	:	The arbitress of mortal fate ;

Last Tournament.

Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear, like passing bell!
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet's summons stirs!
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry

A while untroubled view:
So well accomplished was each knight,
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight,

While plate and mail held true,
The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breastplate bloodless shone;
It seem'd their feather'd crests alone

Should this encounter rue,
And ever as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

But soon to earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And horse and man to ground there came,

Knights who shall rise no more!
Gone was the pride the war that graced,

Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,
And steel-coats riven, and helms unbraced,
And pennons stream'd with gore,
Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,

And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulfing stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!

King Arthur's

Seem'd in this dismal hour, that fate
Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
And spare dark Mordred's crime ;
Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,

Of chivalry the prime.

Arthur in anguish tore away
From head and beard his tresses grey,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,

And quaked with ruth and fear ;
But still she deem'd her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter stay'd,
And chid the rising tear.

Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White and Lionel,

And many a champion more ;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown

Lies gasping in his gore.

Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd—
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vanoc of the beardless face
(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race),
O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,
His heart's blood dyed her sandals red !
But then the sky was overcast,
And howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,

And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulf—tremendous birth !—

The form of Merlin rose.

Sternly the wizard prophet eyed
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,

And sternly raised his hand :—

“Madmen,” he said, “your strife forbear !
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
The doom thy fates demand !



Last Tournament.

Long shall close in stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep ;
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.
Yet because thy mother's art
Warp'd thine unsuspecting heart,
And, for love of Arthur's race,
Punishment is blent with grace,
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
In the valley of Saint John,
And this weird shall overtake thee,
Sleep until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renown'd
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number
All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red-Cross champions died.

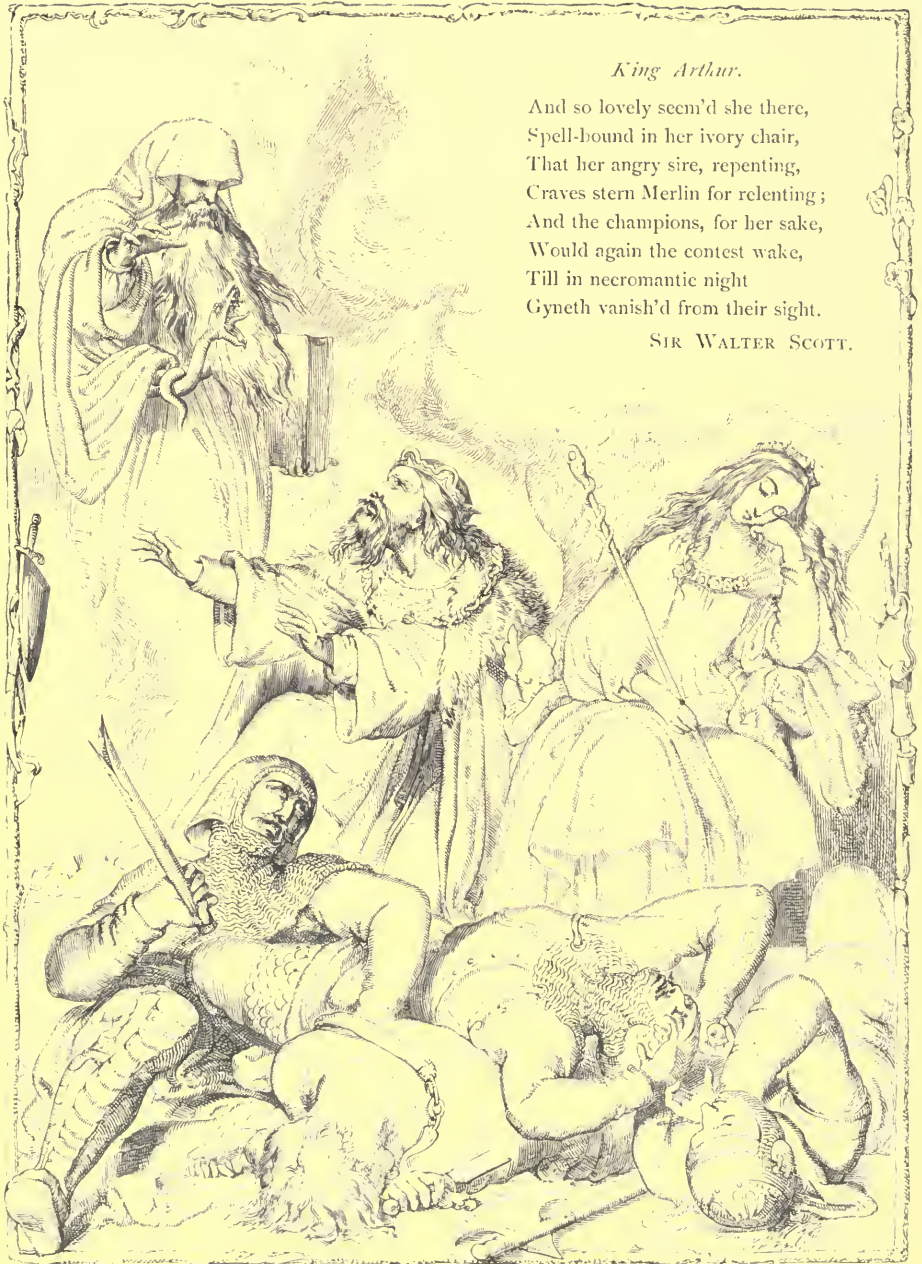
As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie ;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice, with effort and with pause,
O'er her brow her hand she draws ;
Twice her strength in vain she tries
From the fatal chair to rise ;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoë's death must now be wroken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand ;
On her shoulder droops her head ;
Net of pearl and golden thread
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.



King Arthur.

And so lovely seem'd she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,
Craves stern Merlin for relenting;
And the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake,
Till in necromantic night
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

YE feather'd pilgrims, when the year grows old,
Who on the dim horizon darkly flock,
While pillar'd clouds like smoke the vision mock,
Or range along the pented roof,
In companies so stiff and cold, —
In flying troops now wheel aloof,
Now huddle 'neath the frosty eaves,
As if in you the spirit grieves
To see the autumn's waning leaves ;
And yet, preparing to depart to-morrow,
Seem reconciled to this day's sorrow ;
Pictures ye seem of suffering,
As if our climate did you wrong ;
Yet suffering still in hope, are fresh and strong,
With buoyant wing and twittering song ; —
Give to my heart your song and wing,
And I with you will fly and sing.

REV. T. WILLIAMS.



SPRING FLOWERS.

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun : so violets blue,
To the soft star-like primrose drench'd in dew,
The happiest of Spring's happy fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply :
Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven with mightier witchery
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on, then, in your shade, contented bloom.
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown :
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive ;
They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

DERMOT.

AN IRISH BALLAD.

THEY bid me slight my Dermot dear,
For he's of low degree ;
While I my lady's maid am here,
And of the quality.
But if my mother would not grieve,
And if the truth were known,
Well pleased would I this castle leave,
And live for him alone.

My lady, who is very kind,
To me will sometimes call,
And talk of love with scoffing mind,
And say 'tis folly all.
Ah ! words like these are finely said,
And may my lady please,
For she her own true-love has wed,
And has her heart at ease.

But I remember well, I know,
How mourn'd this lady gay
When first my lord was forced to go
To battle far away.
Poor lady ! then, I saw them part.
Her tears I saw them fall :
Oh, then the true love in her heart,
Oh, was it folly all ?

I sit, my love, to think on thee,
Look o'er the Shannon wide,
And fancy I thy cabin see
The lofty elms beside.
The Shannon's waves run very high,
The little boat I fear :
No more at night the passage try,
For winter now is here.

There's none like thee, the king of all
At funeral and at fair ;
My lord's fine man that's in the hall
Can ne'er with thee compare.
Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm,
And so is mine to thee ;
And would my lord but give the farm,
How happy should we be !

W. SMYTH.



RECOLLECTIONS OF J. W. AND HIS SISTER.

HOW oft, sweet children! are ye
brought
By fancy to the eye of thought!
Thou first, whose active feats express
The dawn of native manliness;
The boyish nature leaping out
In the bold step and frolic shout;
While yet in that soft eye of thine
There dwells a spirit more benign,
With smiles half-bashfulness, half-joy,
So coyly sweet and sweetly coy;
And looks of shy yet playful grace
Dimpling that half-averted face.
Nor less, sweet babe! hast thou thy
part
In the fond memory of the heart,
For thou hast many arts to move
And charm each secret spring of love.

The beauty of the summer skies
Has settled in those soft blue eyes;
The morning's first faint rosy streak
Has tinged with red that velvet cheek,
And in that placid face we see
The charm of infant dignity;
The sweet serenity of soul,
Where yet no waves of passion roll;
The calmness of the heart which seems
To dwell among its own pure dreams,
And which as yet of life hath proved
But this—to love and to be loved.
Yes, oft before my mental eye
Ye pass like fairy visions by;
But most does thought recall the sight
Witness'd one well-remember'd night,
The boy beside the nurse's feet
Had ta'en that eye his lowly seat,

Recollections.



Calm and contemplative of mien,
With smile so cloudlessly serene,
And upturn'd look that sought reply
In that sweet sister's infant eye.
With air of pleased protecting love,
And conscious dignity, he strove.
By oft-repeated word, to teach
The just-learn'd mysteries of speech :
Still mingling with his lore the while
The sweeter speech of look and smile,
The joyous laugh, the fond caress,
The name of lisping tenderness.
And she, with answering love and glee,
Half-leaping from the nurse's knee,
As though another smile to claim ;
While through her trembling, panting frame
Her little heart so spake and stir'd,
That every gesture was a word ;
Her eyes with laughing lustre glancing,
Her limbs all bounding, quivering, dancing,
In joy that knew not bound nor measure
A restless ecstacy of pleasure.
Oh, who could gaze upon the sight,
Nor bless you with a dear delight,
And fondly pray that love like this
Might crown your after-life with bliss !
Full soon will passing years efface
The fleeting charms of infant grace ;
And oft too soon will time destroy
Youth's airy buoyancy of joy.
But love is a diviner thing,
Unchanging and unperishing ;
The purest relic left to tell
Of that sweet state from which we fell ;
A foretaste of the joys above,
And sent from God—for God is love.

On a Lady.

THE blossoms of the early spring,
How fair they are to me!
A garland of the sweetest thoughts,
They hang on every tree.

The glowing tints of morning scene,
Fresh dews and stirring air;
They brace for work my inmost soul,
And make me laugh at care.

And when I see a little child,
Bright-eyed and full of glee,
I can but think, in our fall'n world
What blessed things there be.

But blooming spring and opening morn,
And childhood's hearty play,
They are but toys, compared with joys
I have known in later day.

I knew thee, maid, when life was young,
And all was fresh about thee,
When spring, and morn, and childhood too,
Look'd blank and dull without thee.

But that is nought to the joyous sight
Thou ever since hast been,
As thy spirit kept, with its wiser thoughts,
The brightness of eighteen.

Some souls there are, and such was thine,
Who nought but progress show;
All through their life far better things
Still come than ever go.

Yea, time from thee took nought away
That time had ever given;
But thou wert dearer unto earth,
The nearer unto heaven

Such firmness and such tenderness,
Such age and youth combined,
Save in that loving, stirring heart,
We never more shall find.

Well may I say, these loveliest things,
That dearest are to me,
Are, lady, ne'er so beautiful,
As minding me of thee.

S. R.



TO THE EVENING WIND.



SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice—thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day—
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow :
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue wave till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray.
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone : a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast :
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass.
And 'twixt the o'er-shadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee : thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more
deep ;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go ;—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

BRYANT.

To the Angel of Guido.

WHERE TO shall I liken thee,
Thou with sunbright eyes divine ?
Twilight never dimmeth thee,
Evermore thy sharp eyes shine.
Thou art like the morning star
On the forehead of the day,
Looking earthward from afar,
When the night-clouds float away.

Thou art like the sparkling fly,
Dancing on the eastern night,
Through a trellised gallery,
Up and down all fiery bright.
Thou art like a starry flower
Hidden in a mist of green,
From beneath a woven bower,
Here and there in glimpses seen.

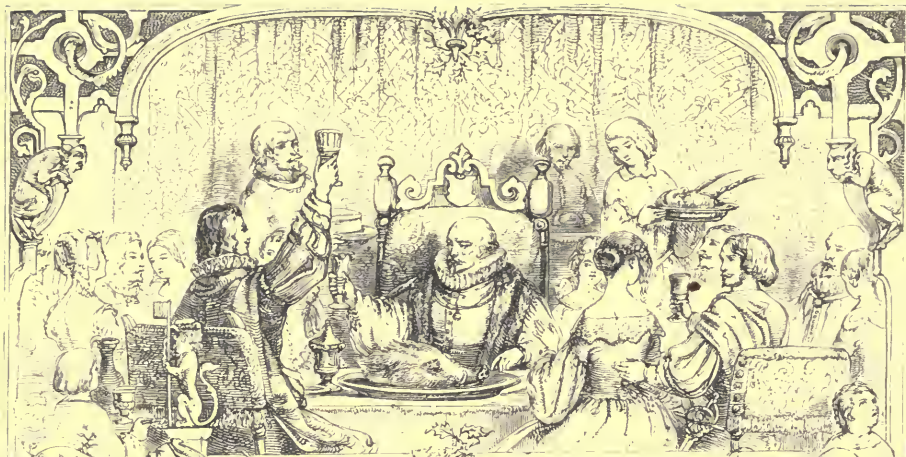
All bright things are not so bright,
Not so deep as are thine eyes ;
Not the hollow blue at night,
Fading into other skies ;
Not the blue Forget-me-not,
Bright and deep although it be :
Not the rays from crystals shot,
Nor the twinkling sea.

Fix thy full deep eyes on me,
Let me lose my being there ;
Let me pass out into thee
From my house of sin and care,
Surely all thine inner soul
Whence such lights for ever shine,
Must with mild and sweet control
Purify and brighten mine.

Or, if this may never be,
Fix them full upon me still ;
Let me borrow light from thee,
Losing all my thought and will,
Quite absorbed, and emptied quite,
In their lustrous brightness lost ;
All my sunshine turned to night
I'm contented with the cost.

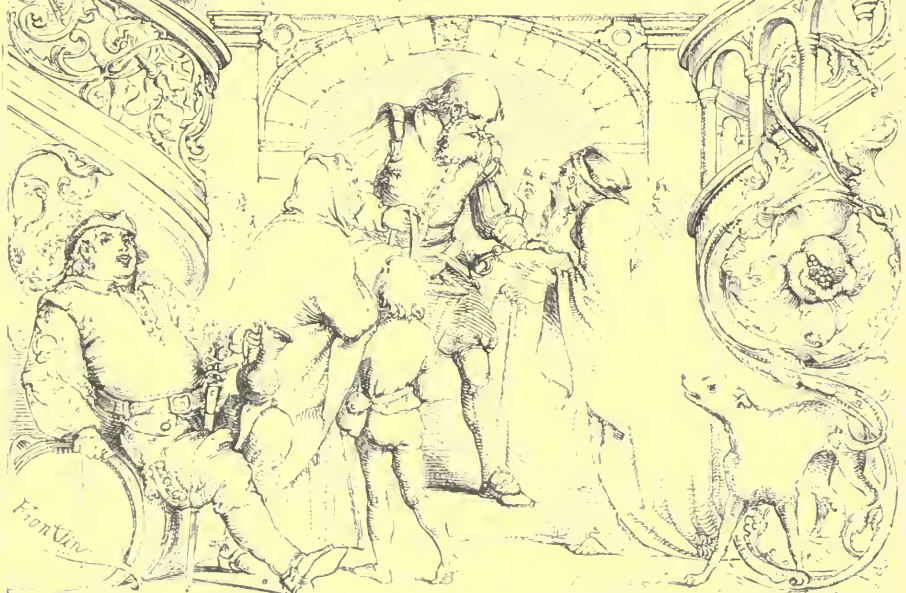
REV. H. ALFORD.





The Old English Gentleman.

I sing you a good old song, that was made by a good
old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman who had an old estate,
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old
rate,



The Old English Gentleman.

With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at the gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung about with pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood some tough old
blows;

'Twas there "his worship" sat in state, with doublet and trunk-hose.
And he quaff'd a cup of good old sack to comfort his old nose.
Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.

His custom was, when Christmas came, to bid his friends repair
To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare;
And though the rich he entertain'd, he ne'er forgot the poor,
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the door
Of this good old English gentleman, one of the olden time

Yet all, at length, must bend to fate; so, like the ebbing tide,
Declining gently to the last, this fine old man he died;
The widow's and the orphan's tears bedew'd his cold grave's side;
And where's the 'scutcheon that can show so much the worth and pride
Of a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time?

But times and seasons, though they change, and customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts will prove old England's stay.
And though our coffers mayn't be filled as they were wont of yore,
We still have hands to fight, if need, and hearts to help the poor,
Like the good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.





To a Baby when a few days old.

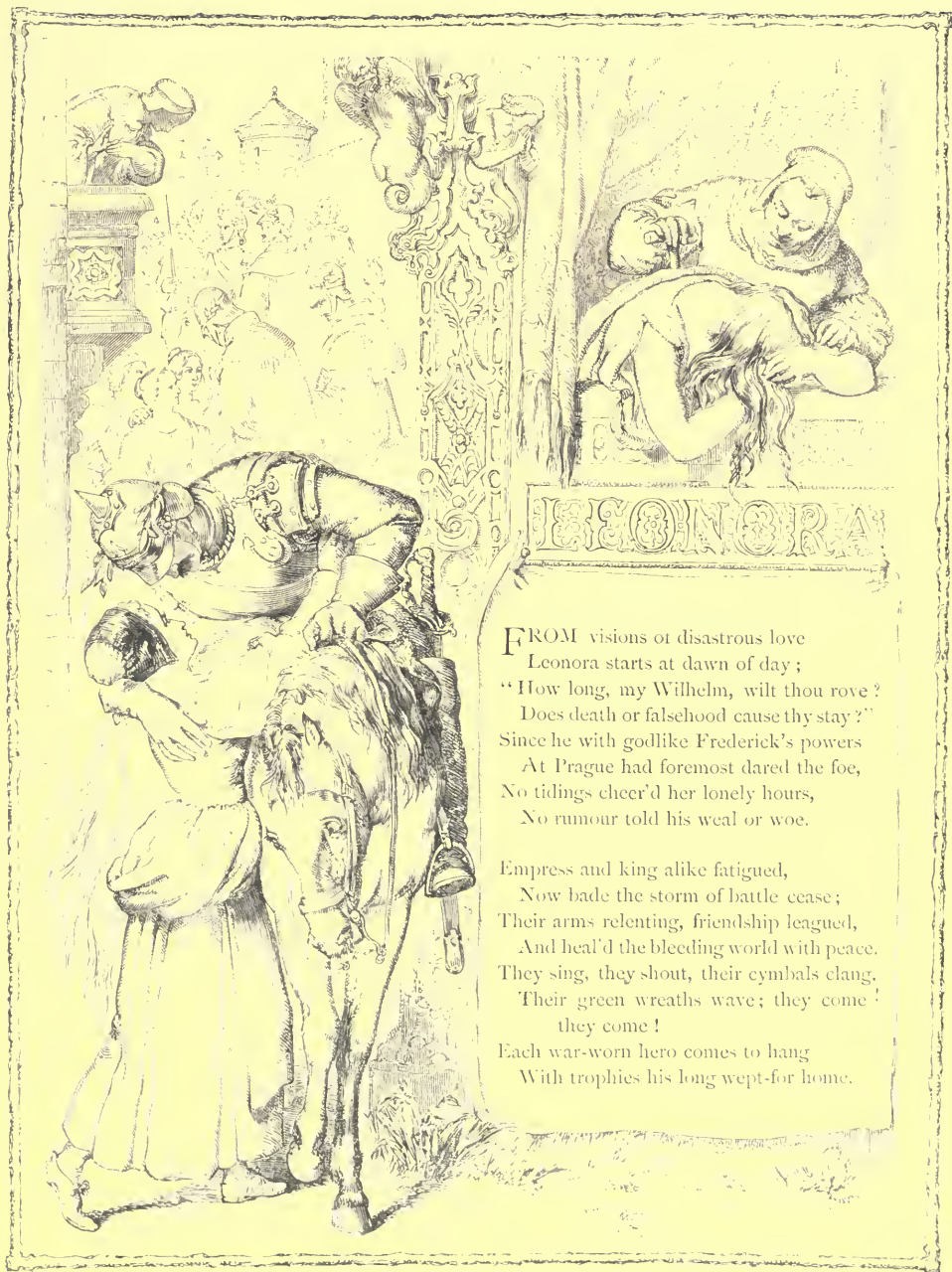
BABY, I lie and gaze on thee,
All other thoughts forgot;
In dreams the things of earth pass by,
But awake I heed them not.
I hear thy soft breath come and go,
Thy breath so lately given.
And watch the blue unconscious eyes,
Whose light is pure from heaven.

Infants, by village hearths, they say,
Through their first, silent year,
Are lapp'd in visions dim and fair
Of all that waits them here;
But I could rather deem that thou,
Young stranger to thy lot,
Wert thinking of that glorious world
Where grief and change are not.

Care may, with time, on me descend,
And on thy downy cheek
Thy mother's tears may fall; but now
Her mind, like thine, is weak,
And yet her heart is strong and stirr'd
With love, whose fount lies deep;
Fain would she trust its tide in joy
Might all thy being steep!

No charmed lot is thine, my child;
But with our web of life
Thy silver thread is twined to shine
Mid days of storm and strife,
To glad us with thy dawn of smiles;
And should our faith grow dim,
To tell us Whose thou art, and raise
Our thoughts more free to Him.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.



FROM visions of disastrous love
 Leonora starts at dawn of day ;
 "How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove ?
 Does death or falsehood cause thy stay ?"
 Since he with godlike Frederick's powers
 At Prague had foremost dared the foe,
 No tidings cheer'd her lonely hours,
 No rumour told his weal or woe.

Empress and king alike fatigued,
 Now bade the storm of battle cease ;
 Their arms relenting, friendship leagued,
 And heal'd the bleeding world with peace.
 They sing, they shout, their cymbals clang,
 Their green wreaths wave ; they come !
 they come !
 Each war-worn hero comes to hang
 With trophies his long wept-for home.

Leonora.

While from each bastion, tower, and shed,
Their country's general blessing showers.
Love twines for every laurel'd head
His garland of domestic flowers.
How welcome husbands, sons return'd !
What tears, what kisses, greet the brave !
Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,
Nor tear, nor kiss, nor welcome gave.

From rank to rank, from name to name,
The fond inquirer trembling flew,
And none, by person or by fame,
Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.
When all the joyous bands were gone,
Aghast she tore her raven hair ;
On the cold earth she cast her down,
Conyulsed with frenzy and despair.

In haste the affrighted mother flew,
And round her clasp'd her aged arms :
" O God ! her griefs with mercy view,
Oh, calm her constant heart's alarms !"
" Oh, mother ! past is past—'tis o'er ;
Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see :
Thy God my anguish hears no more ;
Alas ! alas ! oh, woe is me !"

" Oh, hear, great God, with pity hear !—
My child, thy prayer to Heaven address :
God does all well ; 'tis ours to bear ;
God gives, but God relieves, distress."
" All trust in Heaven is weak and frail ;
God ill, not well, by me has done ;
I pray'd while prayers could yet avail ;
Now prayers are vain, for Wilhelm's gone."

" Oh, even in affliction's hour
The Father hears His children's cry ;
His blessed sacrament shall pour
True comfort o'er thy misery."
" Oh, mother ! pangs like mine that burn,
What sacrament can e'er allay ?
What sacrament can bid return
Life's spirit to the mouldering clay ?

Leonora.

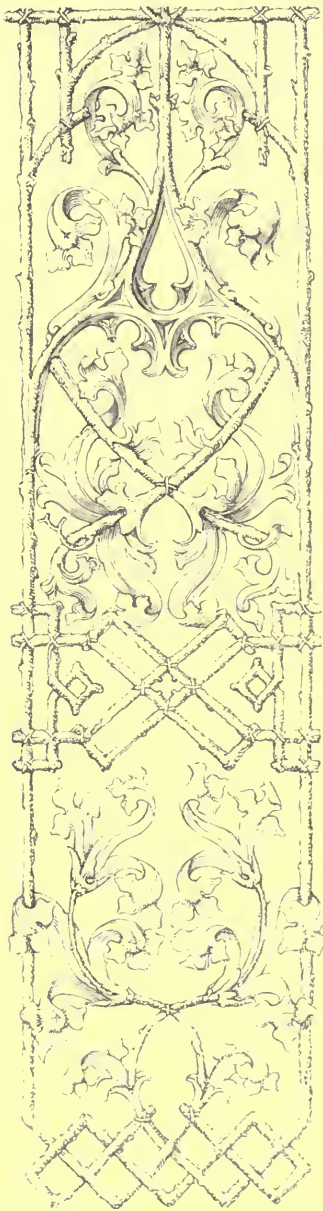
"But if, my child, in distant lands,
Unmindful of his plighted vows,
Thy false one courts another's hands,
Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse ;
Why, let the perjured rover go ;
No blessings shall his new love bring ;
And when death lays his body low,
Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting."

"My pangs no cure, no comfort crave ;
Joy, hope, and life alike I scorn ;
My hope is death, my joy the grave—
Cursed be the day that saw me born !
Sink, sink, detested vital flame,
Sink in the starless night of death !
Not God's, but Wilhelm's, darling name
Shall falter from my parting breath !"

"Judge not, great God ! this erring child,
No guilt her bosom dwells within ;
Her thoughts are crazed, her words are wild ;
Arm not for her the death of sin !—
Oh, child ! forget thy mortal love,
Think of God's love and mercies sweet ;
So shall thy soul, in realms above,
A bright eternal bridegroom meet."

"Oh, mother ! what is God's sweet bliss ?
Oh, mother, mother ! what is hell ?
With Wilhelm only there is bliss,
And without Wilhelm only hell !
O'er this torn heart, o'er these sad eyes,
Let the still grave's long midnight reign ;
Unless my love that bliss supplies,
Nor earth nor heaven can bliss contain."

Thus did the demon of despair
Her 'wilder'd sense to madness strain,
Thus did her impious clamours dare
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.
She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,
Till westward sunk the car of light,
And countless stars in air were hung,
To gem the matron weeds of night.



Leonora.

Hush ! with high tread and prancings proud,
A war-horse shakes the rattling gate ;
Clattering his clashing armour loud,
Arrives a horseman at the grate :
And, hush ! the door-bell gently rings—
What sounds are those we faintly hear ?
The night-breeze in low murmur brings
These words to Leonora's ear :—

"Holla, holla ! my life, my love !
Does Leonora watch or sleep ?
Still does her heart my vows approve ?
Does Leonora smile or weep ?"
"O Wilhelm, thou ! these eyes for thee
Fever'd with tearful vigils burn ;
Aye fear and woe have dwelt with me :
Oh, why so late thy wish'd return ?"

"At dead of night alone we ride,
From Prague's far-distant field I come ;
'Twas late ere I could 'gin bestride
This coal-black barb to bring thee home."
"Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here !
Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove :
Oh, come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer
On the soft couch of joy and love !"

"Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on—
Let it roar on ; we dare not stay :
My fierce barb maddens to be gone,
My spurs are set—away, away !
Mount by thy true love's guardian side ;
We should ere this have full far sped ;
Five hundred destined miles we ride
This night to reach our nuptial bed."

"Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,
So late, five hundred miles to roam ?
Yet sounds the bell, which struck to mark
That in one hour would midnight come."
"See there, see here, the moon shines clear,
We and the dead ride fast away ;
I gage, though long our way and drear,
We reach our nuptial bed to-day."



Leonora.

"Say where the bed, the bridal hall ?

What guests our blissful union greet ?"

"Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small—

Six dark boards and one milk-white sheet."

"Hast room for me?" "Room, room enow:

Come, mount; strange hands our feast prepare;

To grace the solemn rite e'en now,

No common bridesmen wait us there."

Loose was her zone, her breast unveil'd,

All wild her shadowy tresses hung;

O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,

As lightly on the barb she sprung.

Like wind the bounding courser flies,

Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;

Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwinds rise,

And horse and horseman pant for breath.

How swift, how swift, from left to right

The racing fields and hills recede!

Burns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,

In thunders echo to their speed.

"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

The dead does Leonora fear?"

"Ah, no—but talk not of the dead!"

What accents low of wail and woe

Have made yon shrieking raven soar;

The death-bell beats, the dirge repeats,

"This dust to parent dust restore."

Blackening the night, a funeral train

On a cold bier a coffin brings;

Their slow pace measured to a strain

Sad as the saddest night-bird sings.

"This dust to dust restore, what time

The midnight dews o'er graves are shed;

Meanwhile of brides the flower and pride

I carry to our nuptial bed.

Sexton, thy sable minstrels bring;

Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bless;

All in deep groans our spousals sing.

Ere we the genial pillow press."



Leonora.

The bier, the coffin disappear'd,
The dirge in distant echoes died;
Quick sounds of viewless steps are heard,
Hurrying the coal-black barb beside.
Like wind, the bounding courser flies,
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath:
Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwinds rise,
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Mountains and trees on left and right
Swam backward from their aching view;
With speed that mock'd the labouring sight,
Towns, villages, and castles flew.
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
The dead does Leonora fear?"
"Oh, leave—oh, leave in peace the dead!"

See where fresh blood-gouts mat the green
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
There, by the moon's wan light half seen,
Grim ghosts of tombless murderers dance.
"Come, spectres of the guilty dead,
With us your goblin morris ply;
Come all in festive dance to tread.
Ere on the bridal couch we lie."

Forward the obedient phantoms push,
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
In sounds like autumn's winds that rush
Through withering wood or beechwood sere.
With lightning's force the courser flies,
Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;
Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwinds rise.
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Leonora.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,
Hills chasing hills successive fly,
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way
Seem shooting to a backward sky.
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
The dead does Leonora fear?"
"O God! oh, leave—oh, leave the dead!"

"Barb, barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn
Warns that our sand is nearly run;
Barb, barb! I scent the gales of morn;
Haste, that our course be timely done!
Our course is done; our sand is run;
The nuptial bed the bride attends;
This night the dead have swiftly sped—
Here, here our midnight travel ends!"

Full at a portal's massy grate
The plunging steed impetuous dash'd;
At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate
Hurl'd down with headlong ruin clash'd:
There sheeted phantoms gibbering glide
O'er paths with bones and fresh skulls strewn,
Charnels and tombs on every side
Gleam dimly to the blood-red moon.

So while the night's dread glooms increase,
All changed the wandering horseman stood;
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood;
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High-ridged his eyeless sockets stand,
All bone his lengthening form appears,
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

Leonora.

The fiend-horse snorts, blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High reared his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,
Hangs quivering on the dart of death.

Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,
Of fiends and shapes a spectre-crowd
Dance featly round th' expiring maid,
And howl this awful lesson loud:
"Learn patience, tho' thy heart should break,
Nor seek God's mandates to control:
Now this cold earth thy dust shall take,
And Heaven relenting take thy soul!"

BURGER.



Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth, hideous thing.

Nothing but bones,

The sad effect of sadder groans :

Thy mouth was open, but thou could'st not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six

Or ten years hence ;

After the loss of life and sense,

Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short ;

Where we did find

The shells of fledge souls left behind ;

Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood

Into thy face,

Thou art grown fair and full of grace,

Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad

As at doomsday ;

When souls shall wear their new array.

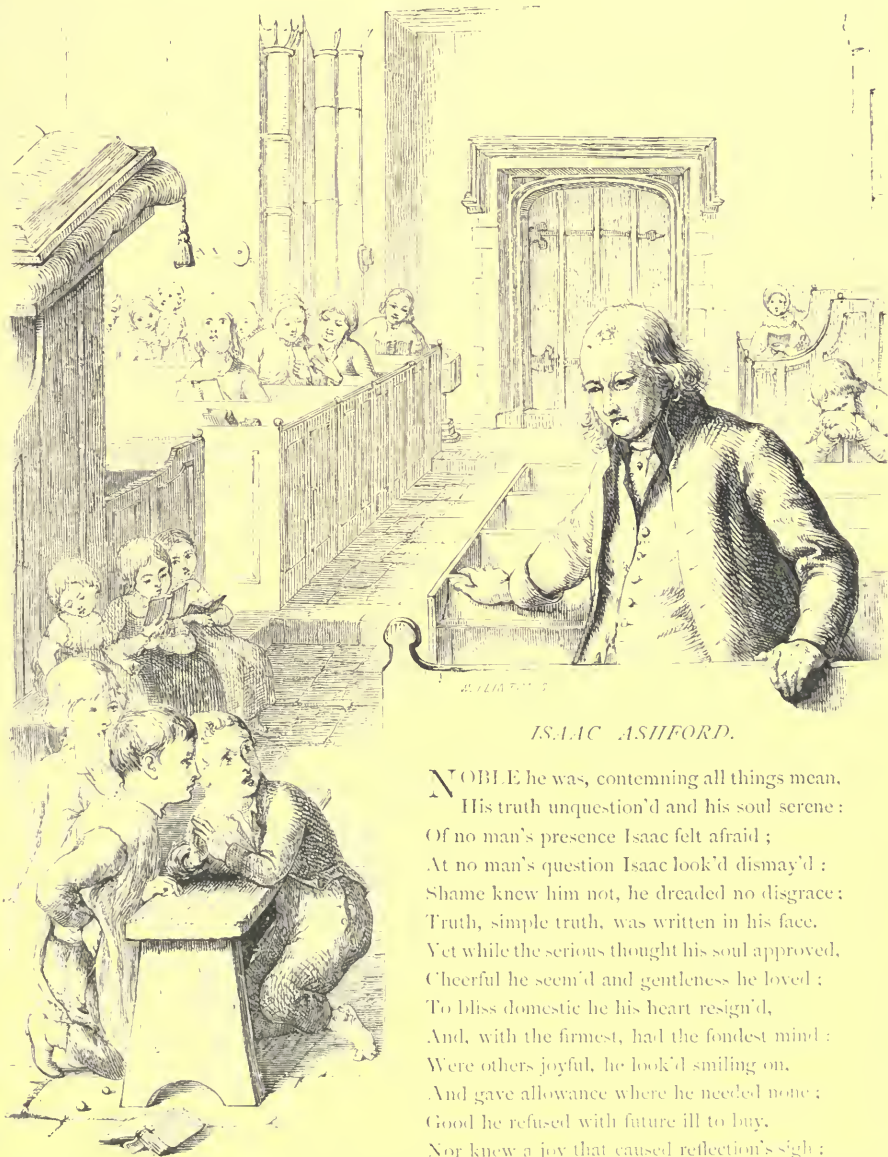
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die, as sleep ; and trust

Half that we have

Unto an honest, faithful grave ;

Making our pillows either down or dust.



ISAAC ASHFORD.

NOBLE he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene :
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
 At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd :
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace :
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face.
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
 Cheerful he seem'd and gentleness he loved :
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
 Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none :
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh :

Isaac Ashford.

A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd ;
(Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour which their neighbours find :)
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved ;
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning,—though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few :—
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;
Pride, in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied.—
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim ;
Christian and countryman was all with him :
True to his church he came ; no Sunday-showers
Kept him at home in that important hour ;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading seet,
By the strong glare of their new light, direct :—
"On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labour done ;

Isaac Ashford.

When he, save honest fame, retain'd no more,
But lost his wife and saw his children poor :
'Twas then, a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent :

“ Kind are your laws ('tis not to be denied),
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide,
And they are just ;—when young, we give you all,
And for assistance in our weakness call.—
Why, then, this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish-bread ?
But yet I linger, loth with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need :
He who by contract all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look :
On some old master I could well depend,
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend :
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances, who at night may die :
Yet help me, Heaven ! and let me not complain
Of what I suffer, but my fate sustain.”

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew ;
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view !
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there :
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head ;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile ;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there :—
But he is blest ; and I lament no more
A wise good man contented to be poor.

C. CARREL.



A STORM AT SEA.

THE clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep,
 And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.
 The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail ;
 At fits the sudden gust howled ominous,
 Anon with unremitting fury raged ;
 High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
 Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam :
 Vain now were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
 Vain all their skill !—we drove before the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And, with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us. But to hear

A Storm at Sea.

The roaring of the raging elements,—
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not,—to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave, incumbent with its weight
Of waters bursting o'er the reeling bark ;—
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!

SOUTHEY.



WRITTEN IN SPRING.

SAY not these flowers will quickly fade,
This spring-time soon have pass'd away;
While they have been, for me they made
Bright wreaths for many a distant day.

Thank Heaven! e'en transient things below,
So lovely, never need depart;
The sweetest thoughts are those which grow
From memory on the faithful heart.

The daisied spring, the home-like spot,
The friend that used to please me well,
May pass, but cannot be forgot;
Love's image is indelible.

Evening.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

Oh, Nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Evening.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name! COLINS.



TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

Childlike Temper.

SOUL, couldst thou, while on earth remaining,
A child-like frame be still retaining;
With thee, e'en here, I know full well,
God and his paradise would dwell.

A child does not in gold or treasure,
Or dazzling pomp of words, take pleasure:
For whether he be poor or rich
Is one to him, he cares not which.

He holds not men in admiration;
Nor prince, nor king, nor lofty station,
Can e'er a little child appal;
Yet he is poor, and weak, and small.

Still in his eyes his soul revealing,
He dreams not, knows not, of concealing;
Does all he does with single mind,
And thinks of others what is kind.

No anxious thoughts his bosom vexing,
No fond conceits his head perplexing,
In sweet simplicity he lives,
Happy in what the present gives.

A child cannot go any distance,
Nay, cannot stand without assistance;
He holds his mother closely press'd,
And lets her lead where she sees best.

No projects in his mind combining,
To others' arms his fate resigning:
He fears not mischief may befall,
But passively submits to all.

Childlike Temper.

No care on others' things bestowing,
Of others' actions nothing knowing ;
Whate'er before his eyes is done,
In innocence he still looks on.

His mother's arms his chief enjoyment.
To lie there is his loved employment ;
Early and late to see her face,
And tenderly her neck embrace.

Oh, innocence, sweet child's existence !
This have I learnt through God's assistance —
He who possesses thee is wise,
And valued in the Almighty's eyes.

* * * * *

Lord ! let me, while on earth remaining,
Such childlike frame be still retaining ;
With me, e'en here, I know full well,
God and his paradise will dwell.

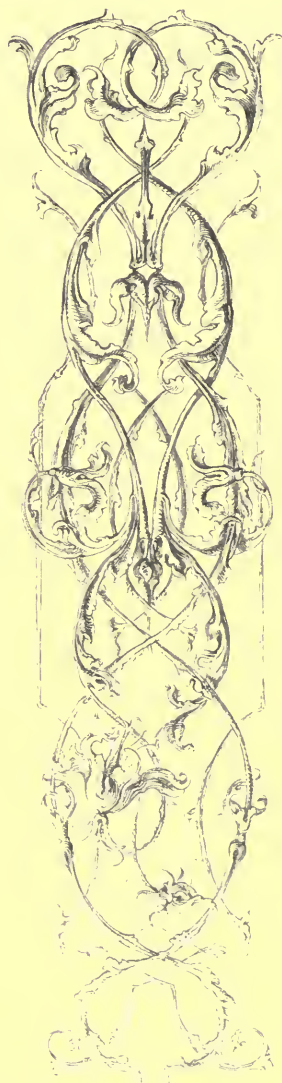
TERSTEEGEN



SUNRISE IN PALESTINE.

FROM the dim east no vermeil tint was flung.
Though thrice the bird of dawn his carol sung ;
Though Light already on Amana's hill
Pois'd her fleet pinion, all was darkness still.
For there no herald star with doubtful blaze
Pours shadow'd brightness from his dewy rays ;
Nor, as with us, soft stealing on the sight
The gradual landscape mellow into light.
Till Morn, all kerchief'd in her virgin grey,
Glow with meek smile, and blushes into day.
But Morning there with hurried footsteps leads
To the dark goal her fiery-harness'd steeds ;
Springs with one bound above the astonish'd sky,
Pours forth her rushing wheels, and waves her torch
on high.

REV. E. SMIDLEY.



The Dance.

SEE how, like lightest waves at play, the airy dancers fleet,
And scarcely feels the floor the wings of those harmonious feet !
Oh, are they flying shadows, from their native forms set free ?
Or phantoms in the fairy-ring, that summer moonbeams see ?
As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flies in air—
As skiffs that skim adown the tide, when silver waves are fair.—
So sports the docile footstep to the heave of that sweet measure.
As music wafts the form aloft at its melodious pleasure.
Now breaking through the woven chain of the entangled dance,
From where the ranks the thickest press, a bolder pair advance—
The path they leave behind them lost—wide opes the path beyond ;
The way unfolds or closes up, as by a magic wand.
See now, they vanish from the gaze, in wild confusion blended ;
Ah, in sweet chaos whirl'd again, that gentle world is ended !
No !—disentangled glides the knot ; the gay disorder ranges ;
The only system ruling here, a grace that ever changes.
For aye destroy'd, for aye renew'd, whirls on that fair creation :
And yet one peaceful law can still pervade in each mutation.
And what can to the reeling maze breathe harmony and vigour,
And give an order and repose to every gliding figure,—
That each a ruler to himself doth but himself obey,
Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way ?
What, wouldst thou know ? It is, in truth, the mighty melody—
A power that reigns in every step, how wild soe'er it be ;
That with the measure and the tune, as with a golden rein,
Can tame the bounding strength to grace, the swift desire restrain
And comes the world's wide harmony in vain upon thine ears,
The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres ?
And feel'st thou not the measure which eternal nature keeps,
The whirling dance for ever held in yonder azure deeps ?
The suns that wheel in varying maze ? *That* music thou discernest ?
No ! thou canst honour that in sport which thou forgett'st in earnest.

SCHILLER,



"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd
 his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eye the poet stood;



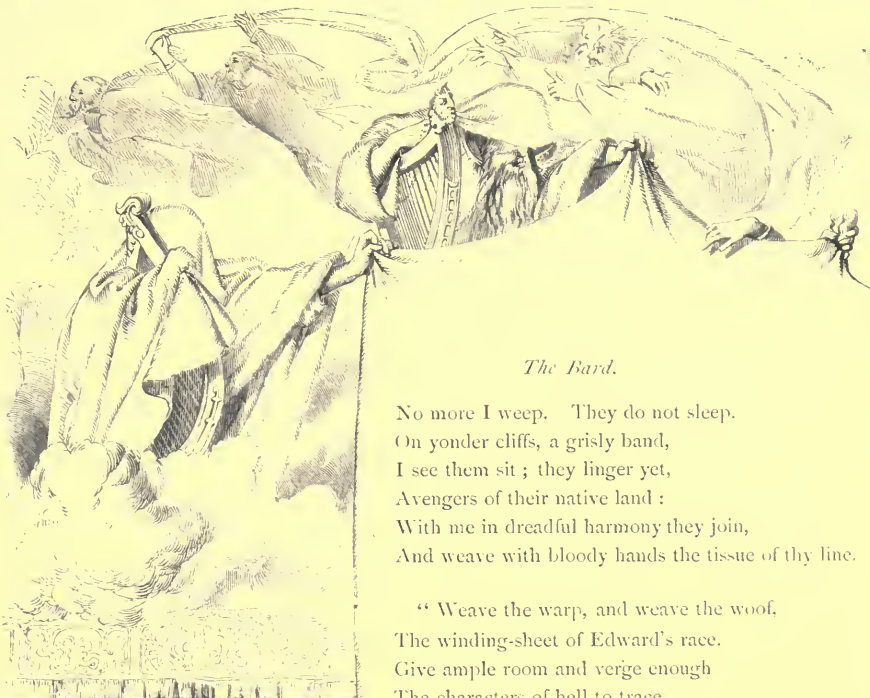
The Bard.

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Orien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Snear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art!
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.





The Bard.

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof.
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley’s roofs that ring;
Shrieks of an agonising king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined ;
And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.



“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye abroad
A tear to grace his obsequies,
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The Bard.

The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.”

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)”
“ Stay, oh, stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.”

The Bard.

But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll !
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

“ Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
I hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd
wings,



The Bard.

“The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin’d measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir.
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine
cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of
day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and scepter’d care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.”
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s
height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
night.

GRAY.



LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

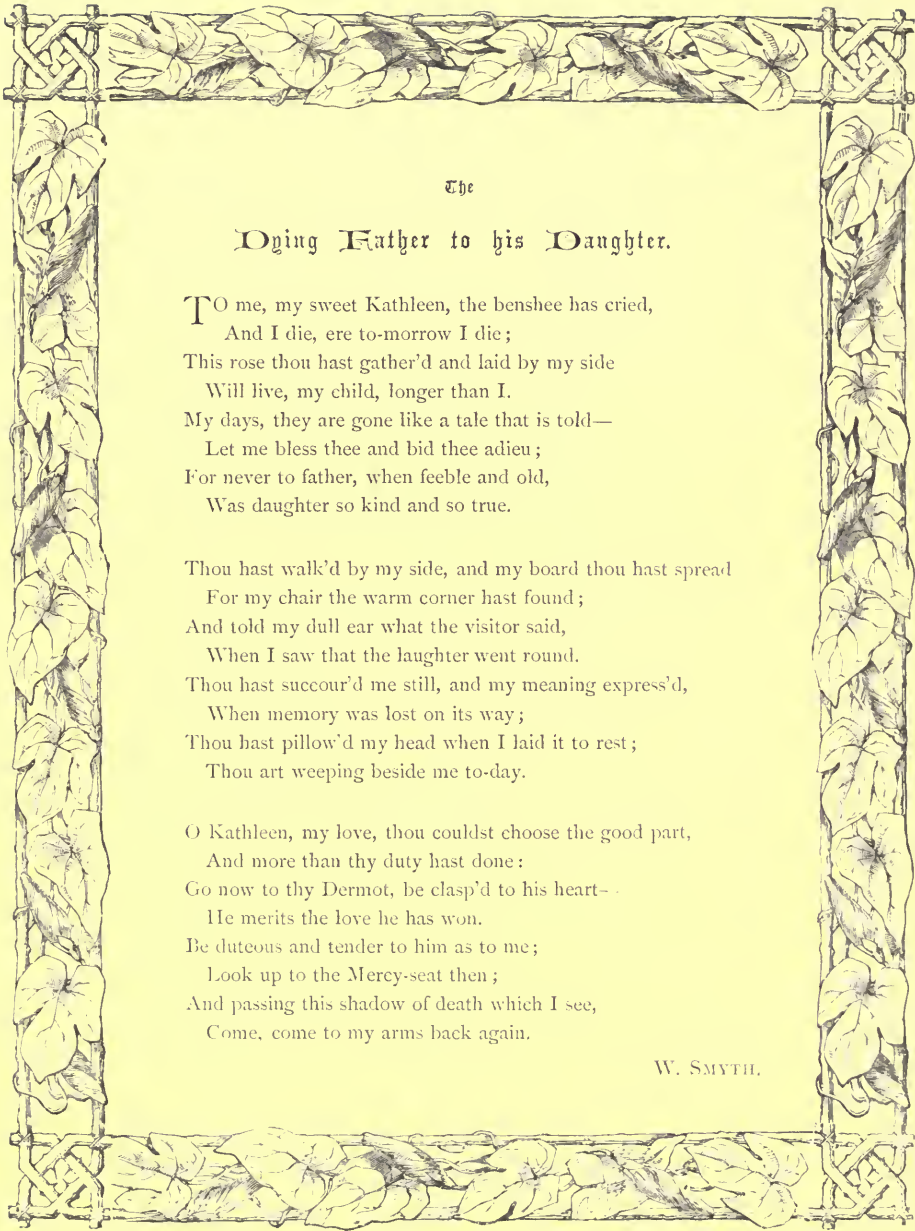
O! hush thee, my baby; thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
 The woods and the glens from the towers which we see.
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby; the time soon will come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.





The

Dying Father to his Daughter.

TO me, my sweet Kathleen, the benshee has cried,
And I die, ere to-morrow I die;
This rose thou hast gather'd and laid by my side
Will live, my child, longer than I.
My days, they are gone like a tale that is told—
Let me bless thee and bid thee adieu;
For never to father, when feeble and old,
Was daughter so kind and so true.

Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast spread
For my chair the warm corner hast found;
And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
When I saw that the laughter went round.
Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning express'd,
When memory was lost on its way;
Thou hast pillow'd my head when I laid it to rest;
Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my love, thou couldst choose the good part,
And more than thy duty hast done:
Go now to thy Dermot, be clasp'd to his heart—
He merits the love he has won.
Be duteous and tender to him as to me;
Look up to the Mercy-seat then;
And passing this shadow of death which I see,
Come, come to my arms back again.

W. SMYTH.

THE BEE.

THOU cheerful Bee, come, freely come,
And travel round my woodbine bower,
Delight me with thy wandering hum,
And rouse me from my musing hour ;
Oh, try no more yon tedious fields,
Come taste the sweets my garden yields :
The treasure of each blooming mine,
The bud, the blossom—all are thine.

And, careless of this noontide heat,
I'll follow as thy ramble guides ;
To watch thee pause and chafe thy feet,
And sweep them o'er thy downy sides ;
Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
And all thy busiest ardour ply ;
Then o'er the stem, though fair it grow,
With touch rejecting, glance and go.

Oh, nature kind ! Oh, labourer wise !
That roam'st along the summer ray,
Glean'st every bliss thy life supplies,
And meet'st prepar'd thy wintry day :
Go, envied, go,—with crowded gates
The hive thy rich return awaits,—
Bear home thy store in triumph gay,
And shame each idler on thy way.

W. SMYTH.

THE DEVOTED.

STERN faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake,
Of torture, stake, and fire ;
Yet, calmly in the midst she stood,
With eye undimm'd and clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no sign of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said :
A half-form'd smile of scorn,
That curl'd upon her haughty lip,
Was back for answer borne.
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones, they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack,
All rusted o'er with red !

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free ;
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip, and cheek, and brow,
Rush'd up the burning blood,
She spoke, but proudly rose her tones,
As when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chiefs that round her stood,
Had meekly own'd their power.

"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat."
"Now, tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou would'st mercy meet. —
Nor deem thy life can purchase his :
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path ;

The Devoted.

But thou may'st win his broad estates,
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honour to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."
She laid her hand upon her heart,
Her eye flash'd proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread—
"My lord is hidden here!

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away,
From round his sacred dwelling-place,
These walls of living clay!"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turn'd aside,
And left her all unharm'd amidst
Her loveliness and pride.

E. M. CHANDLER.



I WAS a wither'd, blasted tree,
And Spring's gay garlands deck'd not me;
But Summer comes, and round me throws
Her wreathed sweets, her sylvan rose;
Her ivy garland shades my head.
Her blossoms round my feet are spread;
There the bird warbles, and the bee
Sings at her work with blithesome glee;
And from the flowers that are not mine
She forms her thymy sweets divine:
Nor shall I want the fleecy flower
That Autumn loves, the virgin's bower.
And, oh! when Winter's icy air
Makes all the gayer forest bare,
The wither'd ivy round my brow
Shall blossom as it blossoms now.



ON A MONUMENT
IN
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

O HIS cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die,
So soft this holy roof beneath,
On such a quiet couch to lie.

Each gently pressing, gently prest,
To slumber in each other's arms,
This shrinking to her sister's breast
For shelter from all earth's alarms ;

With such entire and perfect trust,
That e'en in death she seems to say,
" I shall be safe, I know I must,
My Ellen holds me night and day."

The other, with maturer grace,
In dawn of thoughtful womanhood,
Half upward turns her fair, meek face,
As if an angel o'er her stood.

As calm her brow, as sure her faith,
But more than infants use, she knew
(If right I guess) of life and death,
Of death and resurrection too.

Already now her ear began
The depth of solemn sound to trace,
The thrilling joys that round her ran,
When music fill'd this holy place.

Von dark-arch'd galleries, high aloof,
The glory and the mystery
Of "long drawn aisle" and vaulted roof,
Already caught her wondering eye.

On a Monument.

And she would gaze when morning's glow
Through yonder glorious panes was streaming,
As if in every niche below
Saints in their glory-robes were gleaming.

To thee, dear maid, each kindly wile
Was known that elder sisters know ;
To check th' unseasonable smile
With warning hand and serious brow.

From dream to dream with her to rove,
Like fairy nurse with hermit child,
Teach her to think, to pray, to love,
Make grief less bitter, joy less wild :

These were thy tasks : and who can say
What visions high, what solemn talk,
What flashes of unearthly day,
Might bless those infants' evening walk ?

Of as with arms and hearts entwined,
They mused aloud this twilight hour,
What awful truths high God hath shrined
In every star, and cloud, and flower !

But one day, when the glorious theme
Seem'd but to mock their feeble sight,
As they look'd up from earth's dark dream,
To worlds where all is pure and bright ;

Strong in the strength of infancy,
In little children's wisdom wise,
They heard a voice say, "Come to Me ;
Yours is the kingdom of the skies."

They speed them home ; one prayer they breathe,
Then down in peace together lie :—
This cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die.

CHURCH POETRY.





THE BROOKLET.

SWEET Brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
“With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer’s scorching glow,
Or o’er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop nor stay;
For, oh! by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest,
In my parent Ocean’s breast,
I hasten away!”

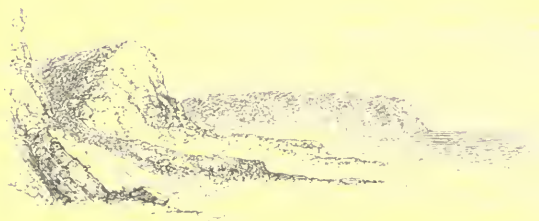
The Brooklet.

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass ;
 Yet, yet delay !
“ Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep,
 I may not stay ;
For, oh ! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest,
In the bright sea’s boundless breast,
 I hasten away !”

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee ;
 Sweet Brooklet, stay !
“ I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
 Of my winding way ;
But ceaseless, still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest,
In my parent’s boundless breast,
 I hasten away !”

Know’st thou that dread abyss
Is a scene of bliss ?
Ah ! rather cling to this ;
 Sweet Brooklet, stay !
“ Oh, who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell ?—
That world of mystery well
 Might strike dismay ;
But I know ’tis my parent’s breast ;
There held, I must needs be blest ;
And with joy to that promised rest
 I hasten away !”

SIR R. GRANT.



SONNET.

F thou wouldst find what holiest men have sought—
Communion with the power of Poesy—
Empty thy mind of all unquiet thought ;
Lay bare thy spirit to the vaulting sky
And glory of the sunshine : go and stand
Where nodding briers sport with the water-break,
Or by the plashings of a moonlit creek,—
Or breast the wind upon some jutting land.

The most unheeded things have influences
That sink into the soul : in after-hours
We oft are tempted suddenly to dress
The tombs of half-forgotten moods with flowers :
Our own choice mocks us ; and the sweetest themes
Come to us without call, wayward as dreams.

REV. H. ALFORD.

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